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GRAIL



AUGUST
1940

The Grail

Volume 22, No. 4

AUGUST, 1940

IN THIS ISSUE

Does God Scandalize You?	<i>Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.</i>	113
Two Mural Paintings by Dom Gregory de Wit, O.S.B.		114
Evening of a Weekday	<i>Mary Lanigan Healy</i>	116
Christ's Choice	<i>William Regnier</i>	116
Gospel Movies	<i>Placidus Kempf, O.S.B.</i>	118
Little Jerusalem	<i>A. W. Roberts</i>	119
An Interesting Document	<i>Eugene Spieß, O.S.B.</i>	122
We Make Love Bad	<i>Toni Currenti</i>	124
Echoes from Our Abbey Halls		127
St. Gall, Treasure Chest of Ancient Art and Culture		128
Candid Snaps of Real Reds		130
The Gentleman Desires Pe:	<i>Quentin Morrow Phillip</i>	133
Let's Browse Around	<i>Marie H. Doyle</i>	137
The Cause of Beatification of Frederic Ozanam		
	<i>John E. Snyder</i>	139
A Good Little Dictator	<i>Jack Kearns</i>	141
For Junio Knights	<i>Gilbert Hess, O.S.B.</i>	142
Gregorian Misses		143
The Quest for Truth	<i>Richard Felix, O.S.B.</i>	144

THE GRAIL

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THE GRAIL is edited and published monthly with episcopal approbation by the Benedictine Fathers at

ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA

Subscription price \$1.00 a year: Canada \$1.25; Foreign \$1.50. Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U.S.A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, section 1103, October 3, 1917; authorized June 5, 1919.

We employ no agents.

THE GRAIL maintains an office at 341 Madison Ave., New York City, under the management of Mrs. Marie H. Doyle. Phone MU 6-7096. THE GRAIL's eastern representative, the Rev. Charles Dudine, O.S.B., can be reached through this office. Personal calls relative to the magazine and to the Knights of the Grail will be given courteous and prompt attention. Literary contributions should be sent directly to THE GRAIL, Benedictine Fathers, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Does God Scandalize You?

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

IT IS not an uncommon thing to meet persons today who are scandalized at God because He does not stop the present war. They say, why doesn't God stop this war if He is almighty? And without waiting for an answer they draw a fool's conclusion: If God can't stop the evil of war, then He is not almighty; then there is no God.

The real question the fool should ask is not, why doesn't God stop war, but why doesn't man stop it? After all, it is man's war and not God's. Men started it. Let them stop it. God made man free with the will power to choose the kind of world he wants to live in. God will not take away this free will of man even though man abuse this precious power to damn himself.

AMID all the natural wonders of the world, the sky filled with wheeling planets, the earth bursting forth at intervals with lush green life, the chemical forces molding coal, oil, or diamonds in the core of the earth, the animals living to the full their brief span of life, amid all these creatures who are driven by blind laws of nature man alone stands free to obey or not to obey the God who made him. Why is man free?

Because God wants to be served by man with love... and there can be no service with love unless man is free to make a choice. Love is conditioned on freedom. All the wonderful creations of God, the sea, the mountains, the stars circling the universe with clock-like accuracy reflect the beauty and majesty of God,

but none of these creatures can love God. Man alone is free to love. It is a truth that needs little demonstration that man cannot be free to love God unless he is also free to hate God; men are not free to be honest unless they are also free to be dishonest; they are not free to be chaste unless they are free to be unchaste; they are not free to be merciful unless they are free to be cruel; men are not free to be saints unless they are also free to be devils.

If man is free to make a choice between good and evil we have an answer for the blasphemer who says that God is cruel because there is cruelty in the world; that God is unjust because there is injustice. The cruelty of war is not from God Who made man, but from men who make wars; the injustice of war is not from God Who created rulers, but from rulers who despise justice; the inhumanity of war is not from God who made innocent little children, but from men who smash innocent little children to a shapeless and bloody pulp.

God could stop war because He is Almighty, but to do so He would have to stop man and take away his free will. If God begins at stopping the free will of men to kill each other, He must stop the will of men to love each other. If God stops war He must stop free human action; He must stop adultery and chastity; drunkenness and temperance, evil thoughts and good thoughts: He must stop man and remodel him without freedom of will, and turn him loose in the world like a

mechanical robot of flesh and blood and spirit, incapable alike of either good or bad... incapable of love.

God will not remodel man. But God has done a more wonderful thing than remodel man; God has redeemed man through the sacrifice of Christ on Calvary. Since that day to this there exists in the world a force which we call grace that bolsters up the will of men and inclines them to turn away from evil and do good.

AS MEN we are free. We are endowed with a great power, a terrible gift... freedom to hate or to love, to curse or to bless, to refuse God our love and give it to sinful substitutes, or to do what no other creature but man can do, to offer our human love to the lovely being who made us. All this is ours. Think of the wonder of it, and the danger of it, and the thrill of it.

We are alive... wonderfully alive... and for that we are thankful; we are human with the power to love God, and for that we are grateful beyond words; we are not only alive, and free, but we are children of God by the grace of Baptism poured in upon us through the sacrifice of Christ Our Brother. For this last unspeakable gift we shall sing a *Te Deum* all the days of our life, and during the unending day of Eternity.

By grace I am a child of God
Spirit-filled immortal clod
With power to hate or power to love
My uncreated God above
For what I am, I thank you, God.

Two Mural Paintings

THE full concept of Benedictine Life is expressed in this imposing mural. The dominant figure is that of the great Patriarch himself, the Father of Western Monasticism. On the pages of the open book that he holds in his hands are the two expressive words *Ora et Labora* (Pray and Work) that summarize the Benedictine Rule and have been instrumental in Christianizing the whole civilized world.

This double idea of prayer and work constitutes the background of this mural. On the one side we see depicted the prayer of the Church *par excellence*, the prayer by which all others have their value, the Holy Sacrifice, which dominates the life of every Benedictine monk and which should inspire likewise the daily life of every Christian. The priest stands at the mystical altar with his hands outstretched in the mystical light, indicative of his union with God through Christ. Preceding, accompanying, and following this sublime prayer is the prayer of the monks in the choir. Hence we see the monks engaged in their principal duty, that of chanting the Divine Praises. St. Benedict in his Holy Rule gives this work of chanting the place of precedence over all else. "Let nothing be preferred to the Work of God." The young seminarians join in the chant, for that holy occupation is not for monks alone, but should be participated in by the laity as well.

On the other side of St. Benedict we see the

St. Benedict

NOTE: These Murals, supplied through the generosity of the St. Meinrad Alumni Association, are on the walls of the Seminary Lobby at St. Meinrad, Indiana.

second word of the motto—Work—depicted. The fields, shaded by the merciful clouds, are dominated by the Abbey Church of St. Meinrad, the center of the monastic life. The toiling monk, plowing in the field, is symbolic of the manual labor of the

monks, while beneath the painted landscape we see symbolized the spiritual work, reading and devotion to the arts. The professor is at work in the classroom, the musician accompanies the praises of God at the organ, while the chanting monk and the seminarians with their brushes show a devotion to the arts and culture at an early age.

Above the head of St. Benedict is the dove, symbol of the Holy Spirit. The raven seated at his feet is a symbol of his many miracles. The bird carried a poisoned loaf and dropped it among the rocks that surrounded the monastery of Subiaco.

In this mural of St. Benedict the curved lines dominate. The principal line of the composition starts at a point indicated by the raven and continues through the habit of St. Benedict even to the bone lines of his nose. The slightly inclined head completes the curve. The curve is broken by the straight diagonal in yellow, the crozier of St. Benedict. These are the main lines in the composition. In addition to these, however, like a beautiful musical counterpoint, is a curve passing through the hands and heads of the group to the right of St. Benedict, and another, not so pronounced, yet noticeable, passing from the white of the boys' surplices to that of the choir books. These compository curves on the sides are again agreeably balanced by the vertical lines of the organ pipes at the right, and the rising church lines on the left.



by Dom Gregory de Wit, O.S.B.

St. Meinrad

AS THE mural of St. Benedict symbolized in the "Prayer and Work" motif the essential ideals of Benedictine life, so in this painting of St. Meinrad we find symbolized the Mission-life of the monks, the apostolic life, also a part of Benedictine rule and tradition.

The monks of the famous Abbey of Einsiedeln in Switzerland came to America in the year 1853 and founded here at St. Meinrad the Abbey and Seminary that bears the name of the ninth century hermit who became a martyr of charity on the spot where later was built the Abbey of Maria Einsiedeln.

The saint is represented as a vigorous and at the same time ascetic figure, vanquishing with the holy cross the ancient enemy of mankind, and bringing the joyous announcement of Christ (*Evangelium Iesu Christi*). Around the saint we see a group of monks instructing and baptizing the Indians as a symbol of early America and of the missionary work of the monks of St. Meinrad among the North American Indians.

In the background are visible the mountains and hills of Switzerland among which rests the ancient Abbey Church of Einsiedeln. Coming from the abbey is a procession of monks leaving their native country to embark for America, which journey is suggested by the boat bringing the first of the monks across the water.

Here the composition is largely in straight lines and com-

binations to give an impression of strength. The main line is the cross. This line has an imaginary diagonal in the red color of the book in the hand of the Saint: the two dominating, symbolical figures in this composition—the Devil and the Gospel—Satan and Christ. The aim of all missionary work is the supplanting of the Devil by Christ.

The composition line passing over the heads of the group of monks and Indians behind St. Meinrad paints

another supplementary diagonal, combined again with the imaginary diagonal from one elbow of the Saint to the other. The curved lines of the hills behind the saint lend smoothness to the strength and austere vigor of this mural. The flowers, too, serve the same purpose.

An attentive observer will be delighted to find in both murals more hidden treasures in composition of line and color.

At the foot of the panel is a Latin inscription that expresses very appropriately the historic times in which these paintings were completed. Bello europeo saeviente hoc

*opus pacifice complevit
Dom Gregorius de Wit,
O.S.B., 22 Maii, 1940.
"Father Gregory de
Wit, O.S.B., peacefully
completed this work on
May 20, 1940, while the
dreadful conflict of war
raged in Europe."*

Father Gregory was born in Holland, overrun by an invasion of Nazi troops while he was painting this mural. He is a member of the Abbey of Mont Cesar in Belgium likewise in the wake of the Nazi invaders.

Both murals, St. Benedict and St. Meinrad, are executed in the famous Keim technic. This is a mineral color, mixed with a certain fixative, in which the main content is liquid glass, called in chemical terms "syllicate." This fixative, mixed in a certain proportion with a powder-color, makes the color adhere to the wall, and renders it indelible. The wall was rough cement, and was completely dry when the paint was applied.



Evening of a Weekday

Mary Lanigan Healy

LOLA sighed softly as she placed the gay little hat on her dark hair. Even the effort of the new hat had been wasted, for Pablo had not been present to see it at Sunday Mass. Wasted too had been a week of hopeful smiles, a week of quick lifting of eyelids at the sound of any step, a week of vain expectations that any moment, any moment at all of these several evenings, Pablo would at last come. The face of Lola's Grandmother appeared behind hers in the mirror. Securely over the neat hair of the older woman was drawn her rebozo shawl. The grandmother smiled swiftly as the reflection of the other pair of brown eyes met her own. "Ah! So he is to see the hat at last. The sombreto bonito!"

Lifting her head and moving the hat the smallest trifle so the veil of it met the arch of one dark brow Lola said: "I am wearing the hat for no one in particular to see. In fact I am going with you to evening services."

"Ay Dios!" Before she could shut her lips on the exclamation of surprise, the words were out. It was unusual to have such charming company on her nightly attendance at Holy Rosary. Young people did not go to church as frequently in these United States as they seemed to do in the old days in Baja California. Even while El Padre was on the altar of an evening one could hear voices of boys and girls outside, could hear the honking of machine horns, the tapping of high heels out on the pavements. It was all the younger generation could manage to be present at Mass on Sundays, or to pay respect in the month of Maria or in June in honor of El Coroson de Jesus. But on a Saturday night when dance halls were filled with those called jitter-bugs, when the moving picture shows offered at least three hours of entertainment, when the road stretched out toward the beaches for those who had the price of gasoline, even when a porch step was waiting in fragrance from the vine of boganvilla, Dios! One did not expect such as Lola at evening service!

Lola knew what her Grandmother was thinking. Better it was for Grandmother to be amazed than that she herself should spend another evening waiting for a step that did not sound near the boganvilla vine, looking up when others came past saying, "Oh hello Joe. Yes, all by my lonesome. No, not tonight Joe. I'll just stay home." She did not want to look at the moon with Joe, or Miguel, or Ed. Nor for the moon to find her alone. Better it was to rub bright rouge on her cheeks

and set the hat on her \$2.50 permanent wave and to outline the soft curve of her lips with coral mist lipstick.

Pablo had not been like the other boys who lived up and down the streets as far as one could see beyond the gas tanks. These were boys who shrugged their shoulders and said, "What's the use?" and even though they were out of work went jitter-bugging of an evening. Pablo was ambitious, "Someday" . . . he'd say, "Somebody, Lola, things will be better. There'll be jobs for those who want to work and a man can save money if he likes and girls like you will not sit all day at a table in a piece-work factory." Pablo had paused and looked at her as he spoke and Lola felt suddenly protected and sheltered by his glance.

"I believe that, Pablo!" the two of them had lifted up their heads so not even the hulks of the gas tanks could intrude between themselves and something they saw far away in the future. At least Lola had seen it and believed Pablo had also. Perhaps she had been mistaken.

He had said the first time he came to sit in the shadow of the purple flowered vine, "It is nice here with you, Lola. You've got something Concha and Rosie and those others don't know about. Why, you don't even look the same. Eyelashes and cheeks messed up with goo from the 5 and 10."

After that Lola had taken great care in the matter of make-up. Remembering his words now she picked up her lip stick again and deliberately seared her lips a vivid red. What matter if he did not like it?

Behind Lola, the face of her Grandmother frowned in distaste and disapproval. Lola wiped the scarlet line into soft becomingness. What did she care either way?

Lola's Mother was patting out corn tortillas in the small kitchen when she and her Grandmother came in to say, "Hasta luego!" before they went into the street. It was a familiar sight to Lola to see her Mother patting and patting the round tortillas to sell to the corner grocery store. It was possible for women to find means of earning money by making tortillas, by cutting garments at piece work rates by smearing tomatoes into catsup, while the men grew discouraged and sometimes sullen in idleness. But then someone must provide the frijolas for the huge pot that seemed to be always simmering on the stove for the Fernandez meals. At the store the people would ask, "Are these made by Señora Fernandez? Ah! It is important for tortillas to have the taste de mano!"

Those pumped out by machines are without flavor." The Grandmother and Mother smiled at one another, "Lola goes with me to Rosary." Her Mother did not enquire further, and they went back through the front door and down the wooden step of the porch to the street. As they went the Grandmother muttered to herself, "We have a special intention tonight." Surely she could not expect it to be heard in the kitchen, so Lola said, "What did you say Grandmother mia?"

But Grandmother mumbled off into a monotone that must have been her prayers already begun.

Children playing soft ball in the street shouted a greeting. The small Fernandez' were among these. Lola remembered when she too had been a little girl and happy to run barefoot in the street, thrilling to the plunk of a fat ball against a bat. It was a good time of life to be a child and unaware of the problems of life, such problems as one encountered when one had eighteen years.

"Buenas noches, Señora. Buenas noches, Lolita!" Dark shapes moved through the mellow evening light. Many of these were elderly ladies such as the Grandmother. Within the church with the bowed heads all turned toward the altar, Lola felt suddenly as ancient as most of the members of the congregation. Tired was her body and tired too was her spirit. A girl's spirit does grow weary of the things encountered along the streets where bold-eyed men make remarks of an insulting nature intended to be overheard, of the fat-necked men in the piece-work factory leering over heaps of folded garments hissing intimately, "You're too pretty for a job like this." The teachings of the Sisters in La Doctrina seemed long, long ago, and one must grasp desperately back for sustenance for a worried spirit. As for a girl's body! Dios! How a back can ache throbbing at the end of long hours beside a factory table. Small flecks that are not really there, march before eyes that burn from strain of watching, watching a task that must be done right. It is not good to make mistakes when a girl does not return the smiles of the fat-necked men.

A small boy in a red cassock tinkled the sanctuary bell and Lola bowed the head of the new hat. She felt better here in the Presence; she felt safe and warm and oddly comforted. There was something here that the box offices didn't understand; it was unsurpassed even by the moon washing light on the sycamore trees in Lincoln Park. She must try to explain this feeling to Pablo. Then she remembered that it had been a matter of a week since Pablo's tall, lithe form had turned toward the worn step at the Fernandez home.

Warm as it yet was, Lola shivered as she came down the steps after services. Beside her the Grandmother muttered: "Perhaps he is sick."

That was a possibility which had plagued the mind of Lola more than once. Yet it would not do to permit even her Grandmother to comprehend his utter possession of her thoughts. Lola asked, "Who might be sick, Grandmother?"

"Pablo. I have not seen him of an evening in the shadow of the boganvilla vine."

"Perhaps he is not well, quien sabe?" Lola compelled her voice to be most non-committal but as she spoke a new hope and fear lurched through her being. If he were ill then he had not grown indifferent to her company. If he were ill, he may die! People did die quickly. There was Jose who lingered only four days after he stayed home from the packing house. There was Mario who had danced only a few nights before he was carried still and silent to be blessed and buried by el Padre.

The sidewalk in front of the church was blotched with clusters of women from the congregation, gathered for their nightly conversation on concerns of the parish. As the Grandmother and Lola approached, greetings drew them into the subject of the moment. "Buenas noches, Señora. Como esta usted?" Then at sight of Lola. "Oh y Lolita, tambien! It is good to see you at Rosary."

Dark eyes shone from beneath the drab toned reboza shawls and one of the old ladies smiled in delight as she asked knowingly of the girl: "Was there not a serenade at the casa of Fernandez last night?"

"Serenade?" echoed Lola.

"Do not attempt to deceive an old woman. Did I not see one Pablo hurrying along the street carrying a guitar beneath an arm? What other use would a young man have for a guitar on a night when the moon was kind?"

Attention was concentrated on Lola. How dearly they loved the thought of romance. Too seldom in this country did a 'novio' pledge devotion by soft strumming of strings and voice lifted in song. Rather the young patterned love on the moving pictures, on swing time, on this Suzy Q. Ah! It was fine to hear of el serenade por la Señorita bonita!

Lola did not know what to say. Hurt and numb with a new misery she could only stand as the well meaning words pelted into her consciousness. Pablo with his guitar and he had not sought her out in a week's time. Oh Pablo! How could you? Without a word of explanation to shame her so. A slow flush crept up into her face and she could feel it burning, proclaiming her agony of mortification for any one to see. Mistaking this discomfiture for maidenly embarrassment, someone said, "She blushes! How sweet to be in love!" A friend of the Grandmother said, "We should not tease the child." With that attention was turned to plans for decorating the altar for an approaching feast day and Lola stood with desolation in her aching heart. So Pablo had found other eyes to smile into deeply, other ears to listen to a song of love. To some one else he had declared as though he meant it, "You are different." To another one he had sung, "Te quiero!" the while his long, slender fingers plucked the throb of tender chords from his guitar. "Te quiero!... I love you." Had he not softly sung those words in the shadow of the boganvilla vine? "Te quiero... much, mucho, mucho!" And she had been foolish enough to find a personal meaning in a casual song. She had thought he cared for her, because... yes, because she cared so much for him.

For the first time Lola heard the voice of her Grandmother in the group. The Grandmother was also aware that there had been no serenade beneath the windows of the Fernandez home.

"Only red roses for the main altar."

"No, not red. Red was used for the Feast of San Antonio. This time let us use pink!"

It would be at least several minutes before the color of flowers might be settled. Suddenly Lola found it unbearable to remain longer in the midst of these friends who thought of her as beloved by Pablo. There was only one place to go, so blindly she fled back into the little church. A line of penitents stood waiting to enter the confessional along the side of San Jose. It would not do to kneel there with so many others. A vigil light gleamed before the blue robe of Mary and toward that light she hurried. Kneeling there before Our Lady, Lola was suddenly a child, a bewildered unhappy niña. "Oh, Madre! Madre!" Lola whispered, "Oh Madre de Dios." More than that she could find no words to say. Nor did she feel a need for further saying. Somehow or other there was comfort in just that crying out to the Queen of Heaven. It was

as though the disappointment in Pablo, the weariness of long hours of piece work, the strain of remembering always the teachings of the Sisters in La Doctrina became unbearable and she must at once share the burden with someone kind and understanding. In a moment of deep need, Mary stood calm and serene with a red light shining on her soft blue robe. Kneeling very erect, very still with the veil of the new hat still roguish above an eye brow, Lola laid down her burden. If it is possible to cry within one's heart, then Lola was crying, crying for the dreams she now discarded, crying because she could not lay down her love for Pablo and walk off free, but must pick it up again and keep it ever with her. As she knelt it was as though a gentle hand stroked her hair, as though a sweet voice whispered, "It will be all right, Lola. Do not be sad."

What had her Grandmother said? "We have a special intention." That was it. This was a special intention that the Blessed Virgin would comprehend. This was a problem that a girl did not have to solve alone. Always before Lola had considered 'Intentions' rather stiff and formal. One made an intention for a sick friend, for

(Continued on page 121)

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GOSPEL MOVIES

BY P.K.

MARRIED—MARRED—MAD*



"Jesus also was invited."
—St. Jn. 2:2

ANY family quarrels begin on what should be the happiest day for newlyweds—their wedding day. In the excitement of the preparations for the wedding some relative or friend of the bride or groom is overlooked when sending out the invitations. In many modern marriages the most important persons are not invited on purpose. They are not wanted. Their presence would be a silent rebuke to those who would wed, but "not in Christ."

The Evangelist has not handed down to us the name of the bride and groom at Cana, in Galilee, but the bride has been unanimously identified with Susanna, mentioned by St. Luke (8:3) among the holy women who followed Jesus and "ministered to Him of their substance." We might call them Mr. and Mrs. Wise, for, first on Jesus and His Blessed Mother. "The Mother of Jesus was there, and Jesus also was invited." The presence of both saved them from a grave embarrassment.

The young man and woman who "wed in Christ" get a right start by inviting Jesus to their wedding at His altar. There He no longer changes water into wine, but bread into His Sacred Body and wine into His Precious Blood that He may thus make husband and wife one flesh and one blood with Him. For this reason the bond of a Catholic marriage lasts until broken by death. The special prayers said at the nuptial mass are intended for the weaker part—the bride. When she finds that her duties of wife and mother are hard, yes, almost unbearable, she will take out her missal and read again and again of the wonderful helps the priest asked for her and Jesus promised to give her during her whole life. It pays to get a right start.

* Remove I(esus) from married life and its happiness will be marred. Then R(espect), R(estraint), and E(quanimity) will also go and the couple will be —.

Little Jerusalem — *Ave Maria* Grotto

A. W. Roberts

BUILDING a beautiful park from dreams and odds and ends in his margin of time has been the achievement of Brother Joseph at St. Bernard Abbey, in the foothills of North Alabama. The task has been a labor of love, a dream come true; and the diminutive park, hardly more than an enlarged rock garden, affords a scenic setting for Brother Joseph's Little Jerusalem.

It is much easier to tell when Little Jerusalem was started than it is to say when Brother Joseph's dream of making models to visualize Biblical scenes first gripped his imagination. One can picture Joseph Zoettl as an earnest little boy, listening to his teachers in far-away Landshut, in Bavaria, as they told and retold the sacred stories. Even then, it is easy to believe, his childish fancy laid eager hold on the scenes and reconstructed them into vivid realities.

The first fourteen years of Joseph's life were spent in the city of his birth, and then another dream filled his thoughts—life in far-away America. In 1892 he, with a number of

other candidates, followed his leader to join the founders of St. Bernard's Abbey, near Cullman. A plain frame building with a small porch was the monastery



Little Jerusalem



Temple of the Fairies, dedicated to all who have donated beads and ornaments for the miniatures.



brother. At first he worked in the kitchen at St. Bernard's, and later he went to Tuscumbia, Alabama, and Stonega, Virginia, as housekeeper and companion to a priest of the order. At Stonega he found himself with many spare minutes, and he began to fashion tiny toys from bits of boxes and metal, and his miniature Holy City began to take shape.

Brother Joseph was recalled to St. Bernard's, and he brought with him his tiny reproductions. On the beautiful grounds of

in the wooded hills to which Joseph came. He worked and studied, and his leaders thought well of the shy lad, and on July 11, 1897, he took his first vows in the Order of St. Benedict. The way of the priesthood lay open before him, but in his humility he chose, rather, the service of a lay-

St. Bernard's he chose a mound in the Brothers' recreation ground where he grouped his beloved objects, and started, without real design or motive, his little city. Ever as he walked thoughtfully over the grounds he picked up small bright stones and gay bits of glass with which he decorated and ornamented his Little Jerusalem, as it began to be called.

Brother Joseph was gradually developing the skill of a trained mechanic. So true is his sense of proportion and so deep his appreciation of harmony that all who see his work marvel at his genius.

It wasn't long before Little Jerusalem began to attract attention. Visitors to the Abbey were taken to see it, and they went away and told others, and visitors increased in number until Little Jerusalem's popularity became a handicap to the privacy of the Brothers' ground, and a new and larger site had to be found. A steep hillside was the answer, as it was not only removed from immediate proximity to the monastery, but in its depths was a disused quarry from which sandstone had been blasted for the monastery buildings. This quarry, approximately 20 feet in every dimension, was chosen for the center and main shrine, Ave Maria Grotto, from which the park takes its name.

The hill was generous in its supply of sandstone. It is used throughout the garden for retaining walls, for rustic benches, and for many of the little ledges up the slope that form foundations for the miniatures. In irregular shapes and varying sizes, from triangular rocks capped with colored crystals and marble, to huge slabs for benches, the softly tinted stone adds strength and beauty. While the work of terracing, landscape gardening, sodding, and masonry, which have transformed the hillside into a magic garden, called for many hands, in the actual making of the miniatures Brother Joseph allows no assistance. And it is hard to understand how so much could be accomplished in such a short time, for it was only in 1932 that the Grotto began to take form.

The approach to the park is through wrought-iron gates, which open upon broad stone steps leading to a steep path. The path is short, and about half-way down the hill it widens out into a broad terrace that curves around the side of the hill. On the upper side of the terrace is the rock garden with its shrines and replicas, while on the other side the woody hill drops away to a splashing creek.

First of the miniatures to be seen, on the right of the terrace, is the Temple of the Fairies. Bits of colored glass and beads and marbles twinkle in the sunshine, and tiny figures of children and animals bring to life the pages of the story-book. The

castle is guarded by a realistic open-jawed dragon that seems to defy approach. This temple is dedicated to "All friends who donated marbles, glass, beads, jewelry and other trinkets," for all these are the artist's "building materials." Across the terrace, a little farther on, is a replica of St. Bernard's Abbey as it was when Brother Joseph first saw it. An Indian tepee nearby pays tribute to the Red Man.

Then there appears a group amazing in its scope and artistry. Without regular plan or pre-arrangement, Brother Joseph has studded the hillside with his reproductions, placing them as his artistic temperament suggested. Outstanding among them may be mentioned the California Missions and the Cathedral at Mobile, the Anselmianum in Rome, the old monastery of Monte Cassino, the monastery of Subiaco in Italy, so perfect in harmony and proportion that they seem to have been built there rather than fashioned elsewhere and placed there. There is a plastic quality about these miniatures. Dimensions seem to fade away.

In this section is the replica of Carmel of Lisioux in France where St. Terese, the so-called Little Flower, prayed and died. Close by is the Grotto of the Little Flower, one of the most exquisite on the grounds. It is of snow white marble chips, with a stained glass window shedding a softened glow over the statue of the kneeling saint.

The Little Flower Grotto prepares the visitor, to some extent, for the sanctity and beauty of Ave Maria Grotto, as it appears a little farther around the gentle curve of the terrace. Flanked on both sides by rugged quarry rock, shaded above by whispering pines, it lies secure and majestic in the bosom of the hill. Two broad marble steps lead to wrought-iron gates that protect the shrine from desecration, while within, steps reach up to a mosaic altar of delicate and graceful design. The Grotto is floored with Alabama marble. The walls are of native stone and marble, while overhead artificial jeweled stalactites add to the cave effect. The altar is supported at each end by a column overlaid with small pastel shells. Over the altar, in the rear of the grotto, white marble statues imported from Italy fill the niches. A six-foot statue of the Blessed Virgin stands in the center, while on the left is an image of St. Benedict. Opposite him kneels his twin sister, St. Scholastica, a white dove resting on her shoulder. Through the generosity of friends, these statues were imported from Italy.

On May 17, 1934, this beautiful altar was publicly dedicated by the Most Reverend Bishop Toolen of Mobile "to the honor of God and His Blessed Mother." It was his wish that this spot should be

regarded not so much as a show place, but rather as a sanctuary. When the visitor stands before this sacred shrine he feels that he is indeed on holy ground.

At the left of the Grotto rises the Holy City, the original Little Jerusalem in its new setting, unfolding scene after scene of familiar Bible stories. Bethlehem appears with the Magi kneeling before the Manger; then the convent of Franciscan Nuns as it stands now where once was the Manger. The tomb of Lazarus, the ruins of the little home in Bethany, the Beautiful Gate, the Temple of Jerusalem, Christ on Mt. Tabor, are but an insignificant number of the beautiful Palestinian miniatures. On the hill rises grim Calvary with its three crosses, and then the Empty Sepulchre. Over all the artist has brushed his personality.

Follows then a bit of artistic rock-gardening, with diminutive lakes and lagoons, giving life and color to the whole. A pagan temple rises on a tiny island. Nearby a stream trickles along between its green banks, and a fisherman enjoys his sport.

Noah's Ark found its Ararat on a boulder on the other side of the terrace; and like all other replicas of the collection, it is symmetrical and true in its proportions. It is made of cement, but outlines

of planks and nail-holes have been worked in so deftly that the Ark has the weathered look of an old sea-faring vessel. Down the gang-plank come the animals, two by two, following others that have already found dry land outside.

A mystical serenity casts its magic spell over the garden, and the visitor senses, more, perhaps, that he actually sees, the rightness of the whole. Not a jarring touch, not an inharmonious note. Birds overhead swell their throats in songs of joy and praise. Butterflies dip from flower to flower, and here and there a lizard sticks up an inquiring head, or a squirrel makes a hasty survey and goes chattering away.

The journey through the park from beginning to end covers some five hundred feet, and as the visitor turns from the Ark he finds the terrace converging into a narrow path that leads him up and out of this bit of fairyland. Reluctant to leave the enchantment, he pauses on the top step and looks again. Yonder he sees a tiny figure bending over a flower. That loving touch has to be Brother Joseph's. A bed of flaming roses lies at his feet, their bright colors singing aloud the motto of the Benedictine Order:

"That in all things God may be glorified."

Evening of a Weekday

(Continued from page 118)

a safe journey. It had not occurred to her that an intention might include an affair of the heart. But that was the intention she placed in her heart and explained it quite simply, quite hopefully to the Mother of God, then in the language of her people she said, "Adios Maria!" as she genuflected and walked down the narrow aisle between pews.

When Lola and the Grandmother turned into the street where stood the house of Fernandez it was apparent that someone was standing on their porch. The figure was that of a man, a tall slender man, one that the eyes of Lola, the heart of Lola could not mistake at any distance. It was Pablo and a bulky thing was beneath his arm, a thing that from its shape could be nothing other than a guitar. Oh Madre de Dios! Has he come to say he loves another. Oh Mother in Heaven is this then the ending of my prayer?

"Lola! Lola!" cried out that well known voice. And whether she wished to or not she answered swiftly, "Pablo! Pablo!" For that instant there was no one

else in all this world beneath the stars but herself and the tall youth on the porch. No matter what happened now she'd have this moment, she'd keep this second when he called her name and she answered his and each had the sight of the other standing in the moonlight. Pablo however remembered the presence of the Grandmother, "Buenos noches, Señora."

"Como esta usted, Pablo?"

"I am well, Señora. And well I ought to be. I have a job, a grand and splendid job. Nothing less than singing on the radio. Last night I went for what they call an audition, tonight I went for an answer." Words were tumbling out in a pent up eagerness, words that might have been accruing for a week. "Oh Lola, I wanted to be certain before I told you. I am sure now because I signed a contract! Oh Lola!"

The Grandmother walked quietly and swiftly past the purple flowers of the boganvilla and then found the door of the house of Fernandez. It was time, indeed, for her to prepare for bed.

An Interesting Document

Eugene Spiess, O.S.B.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The document which is here being reprinted is entitled "An Extract from a Letter of a Religious to a Missionary" and carries the date—"Feast of St. Theresa, Oct. 15, 1866." It was donated to St. Meinrad's Abbey by a Mercy Nun, Sister M. William of Oklahoma City. Writing to her friend here at the Abbey, Father Eugene, Sister explained that she received the document in the same dilapidated condition in which she sent it. While still at home in Philadelphia, Sister M. William, formerly Miss Cody, met a very saintly lady, a Miss Sybilla Snartz, crippled since childhood. It was from this "Sybilla" that Sister received the document. The document itself gives testimony that it was written in 1866 for Sybilla's benefit. The document concludes with the words: "Copied for dear Sybilla by one who only asks in return a remembrance in her fervent prayers. May God be blessed!" The writer's name is not given but, undoubtedly it was a Philadelphia Nun who knew the crippled child—Sybilla.

A claim is made in the document that the occurrences of which the document speaks happened to a Sister Mary Margaret of the Convent of the Visitation, St. Cere, Lot,—this Lot being a department in southern France, and St. Cere in the northern part of this department. The happenings as related occurred to Sister Mary Margaret in the early part of the year 1863, and the original letter written to a missionary was undoubtedly written in French in the year 1863.

On account of the dilapidated condition of the document great care was taken to transcribe it for THE GRAIL. With the exception of a few words here and there, all is here printed. THE GRAIL is not in a position, as is readily seen, to verify and guarantee the truth of any statement made in this document. THE GRAIL, however, verifies the fact that the document was sent to Father Eugene of St. Meinrad's Abbey by a former Miss Cody, now Sister M. William, and that it was given to the former Miss Cody by an elderly lady, Miss Sybilla Snartz, in Philadelphia, for whom, as the document states the "Extract" was written in 1866.

Extract from a Letter of a Religious to a Missionary

IN OUR monastery, (Visitation, St. Cire, Lot) there is a Religious with whom you perhaps may be acquainted, who for the last three years has edified our Sisters by the practice of the most solid virtues.

This year, 1863, about the middle of February, as she was retiring to rest one evening, a groan in her apartment startled her, and led her to search the cell to discover, if possible, whence it proceeded. Not succeeding after many efforts, she was seized with great fear. A few days after this occurrence she was again disturbed by hearing herself called "Sister!" "Sister!" and not feeling sufficiently courageous to reply, hid herself beneath the cover lids.

The Superiorress had permitted her to keep her light burning until quite a late hour; yet whenever she extinguished it, the light remained undiminished throughout the cell and sufficiently strong as to allow her to read by it. This light was likewise perceived by one of the pupils whose dormitory adjoined Sr. Mary Margaret's cell.

At a later date she discovered a figure quite near her bed coming at first only in the evening but shortly afterwards remaining during the assemblies of the Community. This sight alarmed her to such a degree that serious apprehensions were entertained for her health and reason.

One evening in particular the apparition became so importunate that in her excessive fear she exclaimed: "Oh friend.... [text of document illegible here. Sister M. Margaret had, it seems, recognized her deceased friend Sister Mary Sophia] At once the figure withdrew with a deep groan. From that time, although

the vision continued, she saw the figure only at a distance. Thus an entire month passed away.

Sister M. Margaret prayed frequently and fervently, became accustomed to the singular companionship and emboldened by its continuance.... One evening, in the name of the Superiorress, she desired it to say who it was and what could be done for it? "I am" answered the phantom, "a soul come to pass my purgatory near you as a reward because you alone pray for the assuagement of my pains." From this time a daily and intimate communication was established between Sister Mary Margaret and the suffering soul. The more the former prayed and sacrificed herself the more distinct became the vision.

Between the Ascension and Pentecost she could distinguish the whole figure clothed in the Religious costume. Two pupils likewise saw it, and quite a young child heard it speak and the heat it diffused around was so intense as to parch Sr. Mary Margaret's hand and make it seem as though all the skin were dried up, as she herself expressed it. On the eve of Pentecost she ascended into heaven, leaving her good angel with Sr. Mary Margaret to whom he spoke without being seen by her. His voice produced an impression of respect and fear which Sr. Mary Sophia's (the apparition) failed to do. Before rising towards heaven Sr. Mary Sophia said to Sr. Mary Margaret, "Pray for your mother; she has now been in Purgatory 17 years without being able to participate in your prayers because of her opposition to your vocation. I shall use my utmost endeavors to obtain for you the favor of seeing her."

The day following the feast of the Visitation, July 2nd, Sr. Mary Margaret heard her mother's voice but

was not able to see her until the 25th, the feast of St. James; then, indeed, her mother appeared, the same attire, the same manners. She told Sr. Mary Margaret that she was going to celebrate the feast of St. Ann in heaven, having ended her purgatory near the Tabernacle as a compensation of her zeal in hearing Holy Mass and causing her children to do likewise.

She gave the Sister some intelligence of her father whom she had left in purgatory and of her brother's nephew and niece who were in heaven.

The Superioress desired Sr. Mary Margaret to give Sr. Mary Sophia some holy water; the latter took some very willingly but burned Sr. Mary Margaret's fingers, which her mother touched and healed.

We still preserve in the monastery a piece of the burned flesh which presents the appearance of marrow or velvet. The physicians have attested that the nature of the burn is a mystery to them. One of them removed the burned flesh from one of the fingers, then bandaged the finger very carefully and sealed it; but after ten days, although he could prove that the bandages had not been removed, the finger remained as before. The wisest and most prudent precautions have been taken relative to the whole occurrence. Humiliations have not been with... (text illegible) ... is very remarkable.

Sr. Mary Margaret proposed many questions to Sr. Mary Sophia either in the name of her confessor, superioress, or simply from her own accord, and some of the answers which most struck me I will relate to you from quite a large record of them preserved in our monastery. All the questions proposed were not answered. Sr. Mary Sophia sometimes remained silent, and at other times when the neighbor was in question, she assumed a severe aspect, or replied that she had not permission to speak on that subject. (Information given to question)

1. The sufferings of purgatory are so very great that all the miseries of earth united are in comparison with them mere nothings.

2. The Blessed Virgin visits the souls in purgatory, yet, rarely. Sr. Mary Sophia had spent whole years there seeing her but once, and again had enjoyed this consolation there several times during the same space, viz: on the eve of the feast of the Assumption, Pentecost, and Immaculate Conception. Whenever she paid these visits she passed through each section speaking separately to each soul and consoling all, sometimes announcing an abridgement of their Purgatory and crowning some and conducting them to heaven.

3. The good Angels never forsake the souls confined to them.

4. Souls in purgatory cannot merit for themselves, but they can obtain many graces for others who pray for them, and often prevent the occasions of accidents on earth.

5. There were two reasons for Sr. Mary Sophia's appearance on earth, one she was not permitted to disclose; the other was to awaken devotion to pray for the poor souls.

6. God is terrible in judgment but He is truly just.

7. The soul sees God when she is judged and this sight gives her so much contentment that she is happy notwithstanding the intense sufferings of purgatory.

8. The soul is judged on the same spot where dissolution takes place.

9. Sr. Mary Sophia was deprived of the assistance of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph because of her obstinacy. This good Sister I both knew and loved, was scupulously, extremely good and charitable.

10. St. Joseph seldom visits the souls in Purgatory. Sr. Mary Sophia had seen him once accompanied by the Blessed Virgin.

11. Sr. Mary Sophia knew that her father's sufferings would not be much prolonged by the contented countenance of his angel.

12. Purgatory is situated in the centre of the earth immediately joining Hell. It is divided into three wards in each of which are many apartments according to the greater or less degree of guilt. Sr. Mary Sophia dwelt in the middle ward. That next to hell is occupied by the most culpable, and some by a special permission hear the groaning.... (text illegible).

13. Some souls remain in purgatory two or three hundred years.

14. There are many Religious there, but among them not one has observed her Rules faithfully.

15. The demons have no power to harm souls in purgatory, but they sometimes afflict them by their presence, and reproach them for their faults.

16. The suffering souls pray mentally for those who take interest in their lot, but they never speak. Profound silence ever reigns interrupted only by calm resigned moanings. The sole occupation of the soul is to love God and fulfill His Holy Will.

17. Souls in purgatory see what is passing on earth unless by Divine permission this vision is withdrawn.

18. The fire in purgatory is like that of a lime-kiln and yet some souls endure freezing cold.

19. As regards Masses offered for the dead the merit is granted at once to the person who gives them. The souls for whom they are offered are not also relieved but they experience fresh comfort when the Holy Sacrifice is offered. This latter duty priests should fulfill as speedily as possible, for there are many suffering in purgatory for having neglected it.

20. To the question concerning the truth of what Father Faber says that almost all Catholics are saved—she answered: "Many are saved and many are likewise damned."

21. Since the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of our sweet Mother Mary souls are more easily permitted to come and end their suffering in this world.

With this I conclude. Already have I written too much at length but the thought that you would be interested in the news from eternity so calculated to impress souls must plead my excuse.

As for myself who have had the happiness of being the object of Sr. Mary Sophia's kind affections I cannot dwell on these thoughts without being greatly impressed and encouraged. To doubt the truth of the occurrences seems impossible considering the amount of good resulting therefrom, and the twofold miracle which attests its authenticity. Besides the burning of Sr. Mary Margaret's fingers, the appearance of the light to the children and of Sr. Mary Sophia to two young pupils who distinctly felt the heat emanating from her person,—Sr. Mary Margaret was also threatened with loss of sight, from which she has now entirely recovered, and these months of sleeplessness have not in the slightest degree injured her health in accordance to a promise made her.

Copied for dear Sybilla by one who only asks in return a remembrance in her fervent prayers.

May God be blessed!
(Feast of St. Theresa, Oct. 15, 1866)

WE MAKE / BAD



by TONI CURRENTI

AN ARTICLE entitled, "We Make Love Badly," appeared recently in *THE GRAIL*. The piece was amusing. It dealt with the phraseology of modern popular songs.

Basing his thoughts on the premise, that the quality of a nation's love is reflected in its songs, the author quotes some of the twaddle we sing. It is made of very poor, very poor stuff. The author concluded that there is no quality in our love. He was not harsh enough. The conclusion does not stop at the thought that there is no quality in our love—it goes further, there is no love!

However, the article did set me thinking (the only thought that could be attributed to many of the songs). If these were our songs of love—what of our stories? Were they too as "foolishly fashioned" as our lyrics? What of our heroes and heroines?—Were they still managing the masterful emotion without benefit of ballads?

Were they managing without benefit of ballads? A quick glance through only one of our "compan-

ionable" magazines and we find some of them managing without benefit of clergy. Our songs are poor—one author claimed we made love badly. I've read our stories and I beg to correct his grammar—we make love bad!

Restricting myself to the slick magazines, I have encountered story after story representative of the hundreds that leave the presses weekly and monthly that are making love an evil thing. The "slicks" are the "smoothy" magazines—supposedly a reference to the quality of paper used. A reading of some of the journals and one realizes that the name does not stop at a description of the paper. These magazines have all sorts of cozy names—and a much more cozy approach. From cover to cover the reader is deluged with grace, grandeur and glamour. Page after page of the books preach on the necessity of being lovely and lovable. We do not carp at this—if this were where the preaching ended; (that it does not, is lamentable when you realize the general acceptance these magazines find in hundreds of offices and homes). But

the preaching continues in the stories—the subtlest type of indoctrinating that men can devise—stories of our modern Rosinas and Romeos. It lies in the most powerful form of appeal anyone can offer to the young mind, the love stories of people who are supposed to feel life!

Here's a book rack; let us thumb some of the back issues of the magazines we are indicting.

Book I. The first story in the book has a first paragraph invitation to iniquity. The synopsis of the tale tells of a young man hard and bitter, who has become infatuated with a girl of nineteen. He has made love to her and becomes remorseful musing that "she was too young and inexperienced to be asked to enter a casual love affair." You sit back and wonder whatever happened to those things called the ten commandments. Or what is this thing called Chastity? How brave he is to revile convention—but how illogical. Would he feel the same if she were old and inexperienced? Or suppose she were young and experienced, then what? Did he ever stop

to think that if she were experienced, she may not like him; and if she were old he may not like her. Oh well, maybe I am being too critical

The story continues through a maze of moods and muck till the gentleman of the first part decides "to do this thing right." He proposes! One night while he is with the girl he kisses her and "the ground fell away, the sky dropped closer and they were lost and oblivious in spacious darkness." I know a fellow that kissed a girl one time and had the same reaction—he finished flat on his back. "Take it or leave it, he mutters, that's love. You're going to marry me. I don't consider marriage sacred but it's up to you to take that risk." Just like that, he becomes respectable for one mad moment and then hates himself forever after. But it was love—you heard him say so yourself, and he was very positive. I know that marriage problem was a heart rending sacrifice on the hero's part but you would be surprised how easy that becomes in four more installments and six "harmless" flirtations.

What was the girl doing all this time? Well the author has her in a state of private anguish and jumping jitters—fearful that he might change his mind!! Don't blame me, the story was the first one I came on. And it was described as the tale of "two hearts and the terror of separation."

Wait, here is a story about Mother knowing best. The author describes mother as she is about to go shopping; "she (mother) was waiting for him with a pink skirt instead of the pink slacks. Mom never wore pants off the place. She did her best to be a dignified matron in public." Now wouldn't you expect mother to act well in public—she even wore a skirt in preference to slacks. I'll bet she wears a hat to church on Sundays and maybe sleeves in her summer dresses when she approaches the altar.

Let's continue,—ah here's a good paragraph! "Mom said, 'Got a cigarette?' She smoked all the time and never had a cigarette.... mom squinched her cigarette and threw the butt out the window. She simply

wouldn't use ash trays." I don't know which is worse, the story or the fact that mom *simply* won't use ash trays. That is being unfair to the ash tray makers of America when you throw your cigarettes any old place but refuse to use an ash tray. I had an uncle that wouldn't use ash trays either, so we made him stop smoking. Now if we could get Mom to stop.... I don't care for this book, let's try another one.

Book II. Hm Hm, here's a story of a man, wife, and their two children. Wife has just finished kissing her best girl-friend's husband in the kitchen and catches her own husband kissing the best girl-friend, (a very chummy quartet). Here is the dialogue of the unfaithfuls.

He: "I'm sorry Jo."

She: "Why, for heaven's sake?"

He: "Because I don't like this kissing in the kitchen any more than you do" (probably did it to mortify himself).

She: "But it's easier to do than not. I know."

Now how could you beat a woman like that? I mean folks, how could you ever get angry at such toleration? Why I know stories where people have been divorced over just such contredemps. Not these people—they are too modern. It's living with your wife that counts today—not loving her.

This man just couldn't be faithful—not even to another woman. A few paragraphs on in the story we find him speculating upon the worthiness of making love to a female acquaintance of his son. He looks at her and decides that "for her, love was a certain simple directness.... all or nothing.... that sort of thing." What does he mean, "that sort of thing"? What other sorts of things are there after you have decided upon all or nothing? These heroes are not very careful with words nor chaste with women.

This merry melange of fact and fancy romps around for ten pages or more. It's a *blood boiler* that carries its own criticism in this stick of dizzy dialogue between father and son, to wit:

"How about mixing your gouty old parent a drink?"

"Sure dad, if you can hold out until I finish reading *Mickey Mouse*."

The only thing that could top that would be the father's promise to read the funnies to the boy, if he would mix that drink now.

Don't leave yet. This is modern fiction as carried by the leading women's magazines. This is the literary fare of our mothers and sisters.

Book III. Here's a story of "heartbreak and heaven" in one long short story. (How does that differ from a short long story, Mr. Editor?)

It's the painful experience of one bridesmaid meeting one handsome groom before he is married. What happens? Let the author tell you. "She was in his arms. There was no volition in it. No knowledge even. Simply it was. There was nothing but the terrible unowned sweetness of York's mouth. He let her go."

"God forgive me," he said."

"It was my fault," she said."

Someone has played tricks on me in my knowledge of free will. Here we have two people who *unwillingly* kiss each other. You know how they hate to be unfair—and they both of them feel very guilty after it's all over. I don't know; we shouldn't be too hard on the author. Remember he has only written the story; and oh, what a story.

The hero marries the other girl—"he must not hurt her"! Then he carries on a love affair with the heroine in a detached sort of way. As our author writes, "he understood her, as she rested against the wildness and pity of his heart."

They meet clandestinely at her apartment but he never stays. (Man what would his wife think!) But "some night he would stay and what had been a big thing would become a sneaking furtive thing."

There is an all time high in a philosophy without a sense of values. "What had been a big thing"—as long as you cut corners, or only played at being sinful or stayed on the borderline of passion—you retained respect. This is the stuff of our modern men and maids.

This story ends consistently—like a bad apple it's rotten to the core.

The hero's wife falls in love with the boy-friend of our heroine. The girls swap words, blows, and boyfriends and everybody is happy. The author changes the ending for next month's issue of the magazine; and I collapse in a heap on the floor emotionally wasted wondering why I ever threw away that old copy of "42 Ways of Making Hash and Influencing People."

Book IV. Let's try again. This book has a story of "The thrill that comes but once," like telling the boss what you think of him or baking a first cake that really tastes like one. The hero, James, meets an old girl-friend from college. She has just divorced her husband and comes back to the old town to give the villagers something to talk about. It is a Vermont village and they refuse to talk about Roosevelt—but the heroine is versatile—she's out to make love, conversation, and James.

She succeeds in vamping James because we find the poor oaf forgetting three children, a wife, and a corking set of golf clubs and being "unaccountably drawn to her. His heart began to race. Was he ill? He caught her and crushed her to him."

"In that moment Jim was to know the only true rapture he was ever to know. This was what poets meant when they sang of ecstasy. This was life beyond the five senses—and it was death too!"

Ain't that some bowl of borsch? Here am I trying to live a good life being cheated of something the poets sing about. Why for one small flyer at infidelity I can arrange for an ecstasy; for a special extra indulgence of Adam I can find out what life beyond the five senses is all about—and death too!

If Conan Doyle had known that, he would have saved himself many a maddening minute. Here is a new approach to the spiritual life of Therese and Thomas—; it out-paradoxes Chesterton, divorce the body from the soul and you will understand all things spiritual! I must write for that author's commentaries on the states of sanctification. Who said there was nothing new under the sun?

How about this story on the next page? It is about a young couple

planning a budget for marriage. The hero speaks:

"A lot of people don't wait when they've made up their minds to get married."

The girl (a Catholic girl according to the author) demurs and almost apologizes for her refusal by asking the husband-to-be, "You don't mind do you?" Shades of shame! Since when did it matter whether he minded or not? How could any Catholic girl that lived and deserved that faith become entangled with "that" (would you call him a man)? I've often felt men like that must have a bad odor about them.

But wait until you read the rest of the dialogue in the same conversation.

He: "I want it to be your way. I don't suppose a man looks at it in just the same way."

She: "No, because it is not the first time with him."

"She" is supposed to be a Catholic!

Could anything be more inane from the standpoint of truth than the horrible mental mess both these characters mouth. How does a man look at it? When was a double standard ever introduced? What parts of the decalogue is a man absolved from obeying and who ever said he was?

Suppose we do forgive the man, presumably a non-Catholic, because of ignorance. How could you ever condone the answer and compliance of the girl? What catechism did she study? She must be one of those girls who are very active in church—the kind that never sit still, talk all the time and get out fast.

But evidently our heroine has a qualm, for during her conversation on the budget she says to the young man:

"You know we haven't put in any column for children."

He: "That's not immediate."

She: "But the Doctor said our plan might be all right but it isn't infallible."

They certainly schooled that young lady properly. Children weren't an immediate concern, and besides she and her "bug" had a plan. Oh it wasn't infallible but it

was all right. The doctor said so! Well what did the Church say? If children weren't immediate, then logically, was marriage immediate? This little girl was letting herself in for a parcel of paying the piper.

Book V. We can go thru the rest of these quickly. Exhibit A in this book, the story of a single girl who breaks off her engagement because "she now knows the sweet torment of love"—for a married man! Who controls these puppets? By the way whatever happened to conscience?

Book VI. We merely advance the description of a scene between a young girl about eighteen and a young man about town.

Later he leaned over and kissed her. She supposed she should move but she just stayed there. She had been kissed before, but they had been boy kisses. This was different. She forgot everything, even her mother upstairs. She relaxed and knew that this was as near to complete happiness as she would ever get or want to get."

That little piece condemns itself from start to finish. It shows the recognition of temptation, the realization of the gravity of the evil and the misplaced sense of affection that riddles the world today. "She relaxed and knew that this was as near to complete happiness as she would ever get"—when any girl relaxes at that moment she can forget about complete happiness. You have to give much more than a kiss to achieve it.

Those are our "slicks." Those are a few quotations from the love stories of our nation.

This is the skim-milk that is being passed around as rich cream. Am I an alarmist—I hardly think so—if I am, then so is your own conscience.

This is the matter that makes meat for stenographers at lunch or students at play. We are a people who live with our heroes and heroines more so than other people. We make them part of us because we lack the ability to create our own.

I dislike thinking that our girls "live" with some of these people. If they do, then I say—censor your fiction as well as your films—for we make love bad.

Echoes from **OUR ABBEY HALLS**

VACATION quiet has settled over the Abbey and the Seminary. Quiet for the monks means a condition in which they work—not rest. Though the class rooms and halls are vacant, still there is much activity.

On Monday evening, June 10, the summer Retreat opened for the Abbey. For a second time Father Damasus Winzen, O.S.B. (Maria Laach Abbey, Germany) returned as Retreat Master. An ardent spirit in promoting the Liturgical Apostolate Father Damasus made the Liturgy and Monasticism the center of all his lectures. The summer Retreat is always the great quiet for our Fathers laboring outside the Monastery. From Marmion Military Academy, the Dakota Indian Missions and nearby parishes they returned to the Abbey for the renewal of their monastic zeal. The spiritual exercises closed on Saturday morning at the Conventual Mass. Then back to posts of duty—the same hard tasks, but new spirit and revived interest!

St. Meinrad's Abbey is becoming a regular Retreat House. After just one day's quiet another group of Retreatants arrived at the Abbey, Monday, June 17. This time Bishop Ritter and the Junior Clergy of the Indianapolis Diocese sought our solitude for their annual Retreat. The Reverend James Mertz, S.J., Loyola University, Chicago, directed the spiritual exercises. At the Holy Hour on Thursday morning the Priests completed their four days' Retreat. Shortly after dinner at noon the campus was again deserted. The following Monday at three o'clock in the afternoon Father Mertz began the second Retreat for the Senior Clergy. In both sections of the Retreatants we had 219 present. It is an inspiring scene to see all these visiting Priests offering their Holy Masses. From six until seven-thirty each Retreat morning is a sacred time at the Abbey. In the Abbey Church, the Monastic Chap-

ter Room and the Minor Seminary forty-three altars are used simultaneously.

Our suspense of waiting is over—our "Roman" confreres have returned to the Abbey. After a rather uneventful voyage Father Michael, Fraters Conrad and Herman arrived at the Abbey in the evening of June 20. Father Abbot later granted them permission to visit for a few days with their parents. The hasty departure from Rome upset the two Fraters' plans for Ordination. They were to have received the Holy Priesthood in Rome this summer. But this delay will be short. Bishop Ritter has kindly consented to visit St. Meinrad's on Sunday, August 11, to confer the Holy Priesthood on Fraters Conrad and Herman. That will increase the number of newly ordained Priests of this year's class for the Abbey to eight.

AHIGH point in the summer vacation is the changes and appointments. Almost every year Father Abbot finds it necessary to readjust his previous assignments. The Abbey has many fields of activity to supply. There is an almost constant appeal for more men. Besides the many departments in the Abbey, a large faculty is required for the Major and Minor Seminary here at St. Meinrad. The rapidly developing Marmion Military Academy (Aurora, Illinois) needs additional Fathers on its teaching staff. In the Dakota Indian Missions more laborers are required to help in the promising harvest of souls. To meet all these demands Father Abbot has the services of a hundred Priests.

The Marmion Academy will receive two additional Priests for this coming year. Father Leonard Lux, O.S.B., and Father Alcuin Deck, O.S.B., have assignments to the faculty there. Both were ordained in 1939 and this year have completed their Theological Course in the Major Seminary. Father Leonard,

a professor of History, is now attending summer school at Notre Dame, Indiana. Father Alcuin is completing his Science Course at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

This year Father Abbot is also giving more help to the Indian Mission devoted Infirmary, joins the sions. Father Ildephonse, O.S.B., mission band at St. Michael's, North Dakota. If Father Ildephonse gives as much attention and care to the spiritual needs of the Indians as he did to our bodily ailments, we can promise the Indians a zealous missionary. This new missionary comes from a "mission-minded" family. Two of his sisters devoted their lives to the service of the African Missions. One has already gone to the rich reward of her self-sacrificing life, the other still labors in the interior of the "dark continent." Father Maurice, O.S.B., formerly Director of the Oblate School here at the Abbey will assist Father Justin at the Stephan Mission. Since the opening of St. Placid Hall seven years ago Father Maurice has labored faithfully to build up the Oblate Department. Anticipating his annual fall visitation of the Indian Missions Fatheor Abbot took the two missionaries to their new posts of duty.

Today on July 10 we begin another chapter in the history of St. Meinrad's Abbey. Eight young men, students from the Sixth Class in our Minor Seminary, entered the Abbey to prepare for the Novitiate. They are to receive the Benedictine Habit on the Feast of Our Lady, August 5. Our new Candidates are: Howard Lundergan (Montgomery, Indiana), Louis Thuis (Vincennes, Indiana), Leslie Quinker (Louisville, Kentucky), Victor Wright (Dearborn, Michigan), Raymond Bohr (Aurora, Illinois), Jerome Krapf (St. Henry, Indiana), Bernard Langan (Cairo, Illinois) and Thomas Hollihan (Buffalo, New York).



St. Gall, Switzerland
The Library of the Benedictine Abbey

ST. GALL, Switzerland, owes its name and its foundation around the year 615 A.D., to the traveling Irish missionary Gallus. From a humble hermitage near the river Steinach—according to Prof. Linus Birchler, eminent Swiss writer—it grew under the wise guidance of the Abbot Othmar (720-759) into a Benedictine Monastery which, by the middle of the 9th century, shone like a brilliant beacon, as a centre of art and culture, in a still ignorant world. The Monastery of St. Gall has been justly described as the first German University of that early period and the lives of generations of artist-monks, including the poet Notker; Tuotilo, the painter, carver and musician; Radpert, the scholar and teacher, and others are elaborately reviewed in the *Casus Sancti Galli*. Scheffel, the poet, also pictured the fascinating and versatile Monastery life at St. Gall in his *Ekkehard*.

The Abbey Library, a rococo building of 1760, houses the treasures which date back to St. Gall's golden era of art. There are theological, music-theoretical, and chronicle works; hymns, compositions and poetry; ivory carvings, illuminated books and manuscripts dating back as far as the 7th century. The oldest known German-Latin dictionary, also on view, and credited to the monk Kero, was compiled in those early days. The exhibits include marvelous specimens of 9th century book-art, such as Folchart's Psalter and the Psalterium Aureum, both with gold lettering on purple background. One of the manuscripts on display has late-Roman ivory tablets for its covers, and the so-called *Evangelium longum* reposes between Tuotilo's famous carved ivory tablets. The library also possesses one of the three most important MSS of the *Niebelungenlied*, as well as one of the two existing MSS of *Parsifal*.

The Abbey Church or Cathedral was rebuilt in the baroque style from 1755-69 and its spacious interior is decorated with delicately colored ceiling frescoes by Christian Wenzinger and elaborate rococo stucco-work. Two crypts remain from the

St. Gall

original structure, but only the one on the West side, dating back to the 10th century, is accessible. The huge main altar and six side altars are of impressive design, and a magnificent wrought-iron choir screen stands as a perpetual monument to



Monument to Burgomaster Joachim von Watt

its creators. Especially noteworthy are the choir-stalls, exquisitely carved by Josef Anton Feuchtmayer, and depicting in a series of reliefs the life of St. Benedict. By Feuchtmayer, also, are the sixteen artistic confessional stalls in the nave.

The exterior of the Cathedral is comparatively simple, its most ornate feature being the two towers

Treasure Chest of Ancient Art and Culture

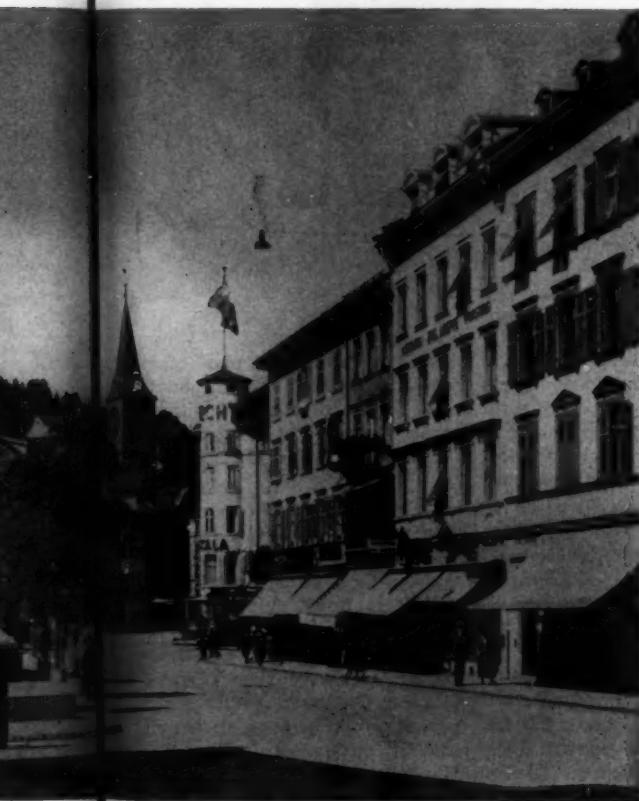
on the East front. A realistic relief of the artist Feuchtmayer was used to adorn the gable of the centrepiece between these towers, but in the march of time it gradually became a victim of the elements. During the recent careful renovation of the

Among the many well preserved medieval landmarks of old St. Gall are the Town Hall, with its historical frescoes, and the Kaufhaus, one-time merchant's hall. A large number of private dwellings, too, betray their age through their quaint architecture, their delightful oriels and such-like features. Several churches, besides the Cathedral, as well as museums, and public and private schools give eloquent proof of the intense spiritual, cultural and intellectual life which pulsates in this historic city today.

When St. Gall came into being workers at various trades soon began to settle around the abbey, and thus it came about that linen-weaving was introduced in this district in the 11th century. This art has since been cultivated and developed to a rare degree of perfection. In more recent times embroideries and laces became another vital source of livelihood for the inhabitants, but since these industrial activities are either carried on in the outskirts of St. Gall, or in the homes of the peasantry, the beauty and proverbial cleanliness of the city are by no means impaired.

From the mountain ridges on either side of the city the wonderful location of St. Gall is at once apparent. To the East beckons the fair lake of Constance, and only a few miles away rises the Säntis, which for symmetry and charm has few equals. The Säntis, which boasts a thrilling new aerial railway, stands on Appenzell territory, for curiously enough the canton of St. Gall entirely surrounds the little canton of Appenzell, which formerly was the country seat of the abbots of St. Gall.

St. Gall, Switzerland



him von Wale Market Square in St. Gall Switzerland Photo Hans Gross

East facade of this church, a Zurich sculptor, Alfonso Magg, recreated this practically vanished relief most successfully.

The adjoining Abbey buildings date from the 17-18th centuries. The East wing is now the seat of the cantonal offices, and the other buildings are occupied by the bishop and the Cathedral-clergy.



Candid Shots of REAL REDS

Anonymous

THOUSANDS, perhaps millions, of Americans have no first hand information about the make-up of the American Reds or Communists. Very often those who are extremely liberal or progressive, sometimes those whose ideas win them a rightful place in our "lunatic fringe," or those who voice, often vociferously, views contrary to those generally held are wrongly called Reds. But very often such people are nothing more than natural born squawkers who haven't enough sense to keep their mouths shut at the proper times. Certainly such magpies would be of little value to organizations whose greatest power lies in their stealth.

What, then, does a real Red, a dangerously active, dyed in the wool Communist look like? Does he have long matted hair through which peer wild, bloodshot eyes blazing with fanaticism? Does he slink about with a furtive, stealthy, cat-like tread? Can he be picked out from a group of a hundred average Americans because of something unusual about him? Very few American Communists would fill such specifications, although there are some.

Patriotic Americans are naturally interested in the characteristics of these people who are daily making the headlines as receiving preferred attention from our Government. Here are two candid camera views of typical Reds, although it must be understood all Communists needn't conform to these two patterns. In fact, there are many striking differences between the two men described, and there will also be several striking simi-

larities and it is in these similarities that most other Communists agree. These portrayals are absolutely true in every respect, the facts are submitted without color, and any personal observations are without prejudice. Obviously I can not disclose names, locations, or occasions.

The first snapshot is that of a Slav, originally a Serbian, who has full citizenship papers. He is a manual worker, in excellent, well-fed condition, between forty and fifty, who fought in the Serbian Army during the First World War. He is bright and intelligent looking, his movements giving the impression of industriousness; he dresses for the street considerably neater than his neighbors. At first meeting he was a rather likeable looking chap, having a rather ready smile and reasonably good manners. It later developed, however, that he has a rather nasty personality when crossed and that he nurses a smouldering hatred of all conventional authority.

We had many conversations but he never once gave any intimation of his active Communist connections—I had to uncover that fact from other sources. To overhear our talks, one might have mistaken them for the philosophic exchanges between two liberals. Mr. Red was surprisingly well read in world history but he leaned definitely to the injustices of history rather than to the progress of the world. The progress gained by the battling of generation after generation contains no romance to him; he expects Utopia from the start and here develops a startling inconsistency in

his reasoning which gives a clue to his ideas on other subjects. He believes that man developed from some lower form of life and that the development is still going on. But despite all my efforts, I could not get a convincing reason from him why he expected man in the earlier stages of evolution—when he could be little more than an animal in intelligence, incapable of governing himself properly, much less others—to produce a Utopia when present day man is so far away from it. It wasn't that he blames God for not starting things right, for he doesn't believe in God. In his opinion God didn't exist when Society was formed and mankind was admittedly in its earlier intellectual stages yet, miraculously, the highest principles of human justice should have prevailed from the start. How and why? Well, it just should have, that's all!

I found him bubbling over to recite all the current injustices, not only local ones but from almost every nook and cranny of the United States. Since many recent cases he cited had not been in the local dailies, I could only assume they came to him through the medium of party communications; but one fact was evident, every last one of them was a supposed oppression by those "who have."

When I opened a discussion of the failure or success of the Soviet experiment, I found I was, according to him, badly misinformed. He had all the correct dope, most of it disagreeing with what I believed. But he patiently explained that capitalistic presses distort the truth about the Soviets and that although any good things we read about the Communists are true, the unfavorable ones are nothing but a pack of lies. He was most positive in his information, yet he failed to refer me to any familiar publications for my future enlightenment.

He was bitter against all religions. Religions, he claimed, are the anesthetics used by capitalists to dope their victims into forgetting their present miseries by promising them rewards in the world to come. Religion should be abolished along with corporations, he believes. When asked about the creation of the universe, he was sure God could have had nothing to do with it, since He doesn't exist; and when asked if he thought scientists could reproduce human life, he opined they could in possibly another hundred years. He saw nothing inconsistent in his theory that modern science can not reproduce life but that man, thousands of years ago, not only created himself but created the universe and the marvelously complex system of Nature.

Later I was invited to his home. I found he was doing little more than camping in a house, despite very good wages. Evidently he and his wife refuse to be conventional in their housekeeping and think the bare necessities all that are required. There was no evidence of any attempts at comfort or coziness. Mrs. Red shares her husband's views and is an excellent example of the female of the species being more deadly than the male. Personally, I would hate to be her

enemy if she had me tied to a stake with her on the torturing end of the business. Possibly her husband is quite like her but his public daily contacts have taught him to hide the extremity of his spleen.

Another startling inconsistency developed in the home. Both Mr. and Mrs. Red were most positive in their expressions of the absolute equality of all persons in all things, yet Mr. Red made a very definite declaration that he was absolute master of his household and that his word was law and that any — — woman who didn't do as he ordered would be immediately flattened out. And, strange to say, his wife, a veritable virago, — a blitzkrieg on legs—accepted his expression with an exceedingly humble look on her face and something akin to pride in her eyes that she was owned so absolutely by such a forceful brute. I gathered without difficulty that his interpretation of the prized "free love" theory of the Communists might consist in free love for him but that his wife was his own very private chattel.

In short, all his theories were equally inconsistent. For example, he was most positive that mankind if perfectly capable of living in the highest form of democracy in which each one would be on his own and would require no laws of any kind to govern his daily life and conduct. But although he lived in a badly crowded community, he threw his garbage where he pleased, considering that his personal prerogative. The family waste water was thrown near the side fence which was only a yard or so from his neighbor's kitchen and created quite a stench in warm weather. However, he was quite caustic about what he considered his neighbors' transgressions against his peace and comfort. So there you are. If everyone in that community lacked the community co-operative spirit to the extent shown by Mr. & Mrs. Red, the place would be a literal hell on earth.

I shall not give a physical description of Red No. 2, except that he is a normal appearing person and around thirty. When I met this crusader for human rights, he was having considerable trouble with the law. He was married and had a couple of children but during his Communistic contacts had met another young lady and suffered a mutual infatuation. He tried out the free love theories of the Communists but quickly found his wife was totally unsympathetic with such carryings-on. When the domestic battle became hot, young Mr. Red promptly deserted his family and took up his love life with his female co-worker. Mrs. Red, who had married assuming she would live according to conventional standards, promptly took the matter to court and Mr. Red was having a tough time when I met him. When I discovered he was passionately in love, for the moment at least, with his mistress, I asked him bluntly how he could respect a woman who deliberately broke up his home and abetted him in his desertion. He said both he and she believed anyone such a damn fool as his wife who refused to accept the newer order of things was justly entitled to all the misery that

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could come to her. When I inquired about his responsibility toward his children, I gathered he felt he had discharged his full obligation in spawning them, which put him into the same class as the lowest of the lower forms of life.

This gent was American born of Slav parents, but despite his native birth, he openly ranted and raved about the superiorities of the Soviets. He was the proselytizing type, constantly on the hunt for converts. "You must be a very active Communist," I said.

"No, no longer," he replied sheepishly. "I've been disciplined."

"Why," I asked, surprised, "couldn't you swallow their teachings?"

"No," he informed me in all seriousness. "I was too radical for them and I was disciplined. They often discipline members, for they require implicit obedience, but I'll be allowed back shortly."

Mr. Red had been tossed out of the Party, so he said, because he insisted upon insisting they go the whole hog, which he felt they weren't doing. The reformers needed reforming. I had thought the Communists were an extremely radical outfit but it appeared they lacked the proper zeal for a perfect Utopia. However, he had decided to subside in his enthusiasm for ultimate perfection immediately and was prepared to knuckle down and accept the standard Communist doctrines with more docility than previously shown. But I mentally questioned the length of his docility, for he is a natural born disturber and my own personal observations led me to believe he suffers from some neuroticism which must severely torture his peace of mind.

"You mean to tell me," I asked, "that in this party which you insist is the perfection of democracy—the ultimate of personal rights and freedom—that the members are not permitted to express their own views?"

"You see," he explained, "ordinary party members don't have the right slant on things, so in order to create freedom, personal feelings must be suppressed. One must adopt the program as it stands."

"You mean you are willing to surrender your Americanism for a dictatorship over everything in your life, moral, spiritual, and political?"

"That's the way it must be," he informed me gravely. "I couldn't see that at first, but now I am reconciled."

"In other words," I said, "you shriek about a lack of freedom under existing conditions but you are willing to surrender even the privilege of your innermost thoughts to something you know little about. Suppose those leaders of yours are wrong?"

"They can't be!" he exclaimed. "They have the purest intellects the world has ever seen!"

"Why don't you forget all this bunk and be American?" I asked. "If Russia has such a perfect civilization, why don't you birds pack up and go there pronto? And if it isn't so hot, then you'd better wake up and shut up."

"I am an American!" he replied heatedly. "I don't want to go to Russia! Anyhow, before very long, the people of the whole world will be one big brotherhood and since I like America, this is where I'll stay. This won't be a bad place then, when all men are brothers."

"Listen!" I said. "You have just proved there is more freedom in Americanism than there is in Communism. You aren't tossed out of America for what you are preaching, although frankly I think you should be; but you are kicked out of the Communist Party, *right here in America*, because you insist upon expressing your views of what you like to call the betterment of mankind. That doesn't pay out!"

We had many later conversations and I could see why even the Communists had given him the gate until he promised to be a good boy again. He is that type that always revolts within a revolt. His logic was full of inconsistencies. He believed it his privilege to play his radio full blast all night if it gave him any pleasure, but at the same time he insisted all other radios be shut off early when he wanted to sleep. Black was black sometimes, but it was white when he wanted it to be. He quoted ancient, mediaeval, and modern philosophies, all twisted and distorted; he quoted historical incidents which I never guessed he knew; he quoted glibly the solutions to economic problems far beyond his reach, for his education was casual, to put it kindly. But he was informed on only the subjects he selected to discuss, being almost abysmally ignorant on all others. "Where on earth," I demanded, "do you get these notions? They aren't products of your own thinking!"

"We have small student groups," he explained, "which meet regularly in private homes for instruction. There are about a dozen in each group and they have a teacher who explains Communist principles. Then the teachers have a teacher who teaches them and those higher teachers have teachers above them."

"WOW!" I exclaimed. "Quite an imposing system! And I suppose these groups generate new ideas in human freedom?"

But his reply convinced me there would be no ad libbing on the subject of freedom; just an adoring, listening class who drink in the distorted philosophies presented and renew their pledges of allegiance to "The Cause." In the classes, they hear recitals of injustice, real and fancied, large and terribly insignificant.

Then came the shock of my life. "There's where we need you!" he exclaimed. "You would make a wonderful teacher and then a great teacher of teachers! I can get you connected—that would be a feather in my cap and will prove I am willing to become again an obediently working member!"

I listened with simulated interest long enough to get the picture I wanted and then gave my answer: "Nix, fellow! I love my fellow men too much to destroy them; I prize my independence too much to surrender it; and I positively refuse to spit in the face of my God!"

The GENTLEMAN desires Peace

by QUENTIN MORROW PHILLIP

CHAPTER II

MONDAY MORNING!

Martha counted the persons in the reception room, glanced at the clock on the wall. It pointed to a minute before nine. Baxter would be due shortly, would enter his private office and laboratory by another door. A hard program awaited them; she could see no slackening to their grind. Day after day, week after week, month after month they came in ever increasing numbers, the sick, the diseased, the lame, and the dying, all seeking a cure at the hands of the man who enjoyed a nearly phenomenal success in his field. The poor, the humble, the rich, the powerful—they were all there, each patiently waiting his or her turn, for Baxter frowned on favoritism, ignored their worldly station. The poor were accorded the same consideration and treatment as the rich; wealth was a minus factor in his dealings. He was like that; it was in his nature, in his character. The seriousness of a case alone interested him.

The clock struck nine. A moment later she heard his outside door close, went to see if he arrived. He greeted her with a cheery "good morning," and it sounded false. She knew he was tired. He performed two major emergency operations late yesterday, the one day of the week he always desired to have to himself. She was there with him; she could appreciate what the grind was doing to him.

"A full docket, doctor," she said. "I don't think we'll have much time for lunch today. You will be ready soon?"

"Soon as I throw off this coat," he said. "I notice you got here bright and early. Rest any yesterday?"

"Some," she answered. "But I could stand a week's vacation somewhere far from a doctor's office and hospitals. I guess you could also."

"Well, I do feel a little tired," he admitted. "Remind me to stay away from the Shalimar for the next ten months. I didn't get home until one o'clock in the morning, and I paid for it yesterday. Spoiled the whole day."

"I shan't remind you of any such thing," she said. "You need recreation now and then. All work and no play—"

"Ah, who wants to play!" he exclaimed. "The more I see that night club the more I'm convinced most grown-ups forgot to grow up. I can't fathom

what fun they find there. What did you do Saturday night?"

"Stayed home and rested," she said. "Fixed some of Joan's clothes, baked a cake, cleaned house."

"You rested?" He laughed.

"Well, it's a diversion," she answered. "I was wishing, though, that maybe you'd pay us a surprise visit. Joan asked about you several times. Wondered when you'd come around again."

"Tell her I'll be seeing her soon," he said. "Tell her I'm sorry I didn't do that Saturday night. I would have enjoyed it more visiting her and her mother than being where I was."

Martha liked the way he said that. His statement increased the reason why she hung on to her hopes.

Any hour under five of the evening was midnight for Flo Wilmar. She hardly ever got to bed before eight in the morning. Her duties at the Shalimar kept her there until five or six. Then, by the time she got home, and before she had a late snack, and before she carefully attended to her beauty program—well, she was lucky when she climbed into bed by eight.

When Irene called at her home at noon and had Janice, the maid, awaken her, it was like throwing a heated body into a cold bath. She hated having her sleep broken. Still, Irene would not call without a reason, and she demanded to be informed when the dancer entered her elegant boudoir.

"Criminal, that's what it is, rousing people in the middle of the night," she complained, sitting on the edge of her bed and searching under it for her mules. "What do you want from a hard working woman?"

"Her gracious company." Irene laughed, eased herself into a comfortable chair. "You object to visitors?"

Flo threw her a sharp glance. "Nope, no objection," she said. "I had a hunch you'd be around one of these days. Women in love can't keep their secrets to themselves."

Irene blushed. "My dear, you're a mind reader," she returned. "Or is it so evident in my face?"

"Both," said Flo. "Well, what do you want to tell me?"

"Nothing." The dancer hesitated. "I want to ask something."

"I should think you'd know your own answers," said the club owner. "You're not exactly a spring chicken." She winked.

"You misunderstand me. I want to ask about somebody," said Irene.

"Oh!" Flo bit her tongue.

"About Paul," added the dancer.

"You came to the wrong place." Flo adjusted her mules, reached for a pack of cigarettes on a small table beside her bed. "Paul's forty, and old enough to talk about himself."

"Yes, and that is what he doesn't do," said Irene, refusing the cigarette her employer offered. "He never talks about himself. He's tighter than a clam."

"A good way to be," said Flo. "Don't open your mouth, and you'll never put your foot in it."

"The perfect recipe for a hermit," said Irene. "Only Paul isn't a hermit. Knows more people than you and I put together, and nobody knows anything about him. Mystery, he breathes it."

"Maybe that's why he fascinates you." Flo stifled a yawn. "Forget about him. He's not for you."

"Has somebody else an inside track?" Irene watched her closely.

"Nope, nobody," said Flo. "Women and Paul mix like oil and water; it's no go. And I'm not kidding."

"The man has a past," said Irene. "I'm sure he has. All men are discreetly silent when they wish to conceal a sorry episode. I haven't any idea what his past is, but, whatever it is, I won't let it stand between us." She hesitated again. "I danced with him Saturday night, and I told him I love him."

"You what?" Flo nearly jumped off the bed.

"That's right, I told him that." Irene emphasized her words. "I wasn't going to hide the fact any longer."

"You're out of your head," Flo said sharply. "I can tell you right now you didn't get to first base."

"That's right, I didn't," said the dancer. "He practically walked out on me. Yet, I'm sure he went almost against his will. He acted so queer. Flo, you'd be my dearest friend if you'd tell me about him, what there is in his past that seems to make him afraid of me."

Flo shook her head. "People who really know Paul don't talk about his past," she said quietly. "I certainly won't. I can only tell you it would be wise to let the affair drop. If it gives you a heartache—well, you can get over that. Other women have loved and got nothing to satisfy them."

"Maybe so," Irene answered. She spoke with a firm voice. "But I'm not going to let myself down. You said I'm no spring chicken. I'm not, and I'm not denying it. I've waited all these years for the right man to come along, waited for somebody who could give some meaning to my life. I'm no spring chicken, but I'm not an old hen, either. All my friends found love, and married. Me, I waited, and now that I've found what I want, I don't propose

to lose it. A woman owes a lot to her heart."

"Yeah, a woman always succeeds in making a chump out of herself," said Flo, stubbornly. "Take my tip, forget about the guy before you learn what real heartache can be."

NEXT, please... Next, please...

It had been going on all morning and most of the afternoon, and still there was a long line waiting. Would heaven but explain where all these sick people were coming from. All kinds of faces, all kinds of ills. Only within this very last hour Baxter had examined four difficult cases, arranged to hospitalize them at his own expense. Before the day would be over the scope of his charity would be enlarged several times more. And tomorrow he would have a full day at the hospital where he headed the surgical staff. Singular, indeed, how he accomplished so much work. Singular, too, how so very many found health and a new life at his hands. It was not without reasonable cause that thousands believed he owned a miraculous skill.

Martha knew the secret of his skill, if it could be called a secret, knew how and under what extraordinary circumstances it was born, knew it for more than six of the eight years she worked for him as his office nurse, as his all around helper and second right hand. He never once suspected she knew his past, and she never once permitted her tongue to slip. They just worked together, like two horses, as she often said, and their routine hardly ever varied since the day when he asked the local nurses' association to send him one of their members, and they sent her. She disliked the job at the start, complained that he overworked her. But when she realized what he could do, what kind of man he was, what ideal he tried to pursue, then she thanked her patron saint for the good fortune that fell into her hands. After that, regardless how hard the job, she was with him or near him until the close of each day. He trusted her, relied on her, asked much of her patience, and that was how she desired it. Yet, she often dared hope for more.

"Miss Walska!" She heard him while she helped an old woman dress for the street. When she stepped into his inner office he pointed to a pack of letters on a table. "The mailman brought these in through the wrong door. Will you please take them to your desk?" He chuckled. "Be sure you soothe Toyo when he is here tomorrow to pick up the bills. They're pretty big this month."

"I'll do that," she promised. "And, doctor, while you were busy with your last patient, I took a telephone message from Father Hubert at the retreat house at Mayslake. The retreat league has a ban-

quet at the Knickerbocker Hotel on Thursday evening, and you're asked to master the ceremonies and introduce the speakers. I told him you'd accept the nomination. He said he wouldn't take no for an answer. Okay?"

"Okay, if nothing special interferes," Baxter said agreeably. "What else did he say? Say anything about how big the class was over the week-end?"

"No, and I didn't ask," Martha confessed. "I didn't even think of it. But he did say something else."

"What?" The doctor evinced a mild curiosity.

A betraying pink colored her cheeks. "Well, he extended an invitation to me also." She raced her sentences. "He said the banquet is for past retreatants, their lady friends and wives—and, since I work for you, he thought I should be among the present."

"He's framing me." Baxter laughed. "I should be wise to him by this time." He paused. "Well, do you think you'd like to go?"

She looked at him, smiled. She had never been out with him socially, saw his social side only when he occasionally spent an evening at her home. "Yes, I'd love to go," she said in a low tone. "Will you take me?"

He nodded. "It's a date," he said.

A few minutes past nine that night, Baxter, weary in body and mind, arrived at his home. Toyo helped him doff his overcoat, fetched his house slippers, urged him to lie down on a couch. However, fifteen minutes later they were at the table in the kitchen, the doctor tastelessly sipping a cup of coffee and nibbling a sandwich. Sensing he was in a dull mood, Toyo refrained from pressing a conversation.

They sat silent over their cigarettes, Baxter frequently glancing at his watch. At ten o'clock he got up nervously, walked to the parlor.

"Where do you suppose that kid is tonight?" he muttered disgustedly. "I should think there'd be nothing doing on Monday nights, that she'd stay home for a change. But, no, she's got to go gallivanting around some place. It makes me sick. One of these nights I'm going to trail her, see where she does go."

"You worry foolishly," said Toyo, plopping down in a chair and unfolding a newspaper. "She'll be home presently."

"She goes out too much," said Baxter. "Why doesn't she stay home, allow me to enjoy her company?"

"As though she could do a great deal of that," replied the Japanese. "Night after night you return late, and usually you're so tired you go right

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to bed. I don't blame the girl for wanting to go out. What is there to hold her at home? She has to have friends, or suffer boredom with me."

"Yes, yes, I know." Baxter sighed, turned the dials of the radio standing decoratively in a corner. "I suppose I should set the example. But, there's work to do, and I can't get away from it. She should realize that. Sometimes I wish she'd spend an evening at my office. It would cheer me a lot just to see her around, to know she doesn't begrudge a little time to her father."

Toyo chuckled. "Why don't you tell her that?" he said. "After all, you can't expect the girl to read your mind."

"Sometimes I think she does read it, but she won't let on." The doctor twirled the dials, sought a program agreeable to his mood. "Has a streak of her mother in her; too independent."

"I wouldn't bet on that." Toyo frowned. "Every girl at eighteen feels independent to a certain extent. Natural, I suppose. They outgrow it. You're worrying over nothing."

"I hope so." Baxter stifled a yawn, sat down after locating a broadcast with symphonic music. "Still, I think I'll trail her one of these nights, see where she does go."

"You'll embarrass her," said Toyo.

"Maybe that wouldn't hurt," said the doctor. "I saw a couple of her boy friends the other day, and I know I'd feel embarrassed if she ever got serious over one of them and presented him as a son-in-law."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Toyo, crumpling his paper. "What do you expect these boys to have, a polish and poise like your own? They're boys, not men of experience. Give them time to acquire culture."

"Good manners can be acquired by anyone," said Baxter, flatly. "Age bears small on politeness and genteel breeding. Frances should know that by now. I've been trying to drum it into her as long as she can remember."

"I still say you're worrying over nothing," declared Toyo.

"I hope you're right," Baxter answered, and glanced again at his watch.

WHILE her father talked with Toyo, the little yellow man who was his closest friend, Frances stood on the front porch of her home, confessed her fears to a lad who affectionately held an arm around her waist.

"Bobby," she said, "we've made an awful mistake, a horrible mistake. We won't be able to hide it."

"Don't worry," he begged. "Everything's going to turn out all right. We'll get married soon, and

there'll be nobody able to object to it. Your dad, he'll understand; and my folks, too."

"I don't know how dad will ever take to it." Tears filled her eyes. "He's a peculiar sort, and I can't understand him as I wish I could, but he's been good to me, and, I'm afraid, I'll break his heart when I tell him."

"You don't have to tell him now, do you?" Robert Lederer's voice carried a frightened pitch. "You can wait awhile. Let's not say anything at this time. First, let me worry about quitting college and finding a job. Then we'll get married—"

"That'll be a cheap way of doing things, won't it?" Her voice faltered. "I wish we had been more sensible."

"We can't do anything cheaper than what we have done." He spoke with evident bitterness against himself. "Believe me, I'm as sorry as you are. We could have waited, waited until we got married. But that crazy night at—at that drinking party at Marcel's house—when we drove home in my car—" He stopped, pulled a lock of her hair. "Why do you have to be so darn pretty! Why didn't you have enough sense to make up for what I didn't have!"

"I don't know." She hung her head. "Guess it's because I've been in love with you ever since we met."

"And do you still think I'm worth it?" He cupped a hand to her chin, raised her head.

"If you marry me," she said weakly. "I'll go mad if you don't."

"We'll be married soon as I get a job," he said resolutely. "Soon as I get a little money to put down on a flat, we'll get married quietly some morning, and then nobody will be able to put their nose in our affairs."

"We could get married first," she said hopefully. "Then I'd be sure—and it wouldn't be so hard to tell dad."

"Don't you think I'll have it plenty hard telling my folks?" he queried. "I've got sisters, you know, and the old man was set on pushing me through college. It'll be a bitter pill for them."

"I wish my dad knew your folks," she said; "then maybe we could kind of smooth this easier. But dad seldom has time to meet people socially. He rarely goes visiting, always works, always comes home late. Flo Wilmar practically had to drag him to the Shalimar last Saturday."

"Yes, and I'm a stranger to him, too," said Robert. "Met him twice, and didn't get a chance to introduce myself. But we'll be acquainted soon. I'll be his son-in-law!"

Frances squeezed his arm, kissed him goodnight.



LET'S BROWSE AROUND

MARIE H.
DOYLE

HER DEAR PERSUASION

By Katherine Burton

FOR THE third time in recent months we have the pleasure of reviewing a life of Mother Seton. But the various stories have not dimmed the interest for this new volume. The subject emerges as fresh, as charming and unusual as if we were meeting her for the first time. The explanation for this lies in the brilliant spiritual radiance of Elizabeth Seton's own personality and the bitter trials and glorious triumphs of her life, borne in a colorful and formative period of American History. The author, Katherine Burton, has presented her subject with understanding affection, devoid of gushy sentimentality, and with spiritual depth backed by experience and study. Certainly this is the finest piece of writing Miss Burton has so far given us.

Doctor Bayley, Elizabeth Seton's father, gave his life in the fight against yellow fever that was such a dread scourge among the emigrants that flocked into New York after independence was assured the colonists. Between the Doctor and his daughter a friendship and love existed that was to comfort and sustain her through many of her darkest hours. She was also to know the fondest affection of her father-in-law, William Seton, whose early death left her young husband head of the ship-building interests of the

family. But war ruined the Seton fortunes and consumption ravaged the family. Influential, clannish, and sincerely Episcopalian high Church, they refused, to look with tolerance upon the conversion of their widowed sister-in-law to the Church of Rome. Their enmity and persecution drove her to the depths of poverty, and finally from New York. But they were unable to crush her indomitable will, to smother the flame of her faith, or to alienate her from their younger members. Indeed the Setons were always eager to have Elizabeth by their death beds. And it is from such an incident, that the book takes its title. Forbidden to speak of religion, but feeling that she was violating no promise, Elizabeth took the hand of the dying Eliza Seton Maitland, and said, "I think that God will show mercy in proportion to what we show—and I think the many mistakes will all be swallowed and consoled by intention. Surely not the least even momentary event but is by His dear Persuasion and appointment."

The foundation of her Order, its growth, the early days in Emmitsburg, the beautiful Indian legend, are interestingly detailed with the tragic passing of Mother Seton's lovely daughters and sisters. Glimpses of such men as Archbishop Carroll, Bishop Dubois, Father Du Bourg, Bishop Cheverus, Simon Bruté, Atonio Filicuchi, all closely

associated with the work and progress of Mother Seton, reconstruct a period of mighty spiritual labor unsurpassed in the history of this continent.

There is little doubt that some day Holy Mother Church will give attentive ear to the cause of Mother Seton; *Her Dear Persuasion* stamps her memory on the minds of the American Catholics who owe so much to her and to her family.

ENTER THREE WITCHES

By Paul McGuire

TONY GRANT, an English newspaper correspondent, is invited to weekend at an Italian villa as the guest of the very wealthy and somewhat mysterious Marie Beuil. The party includes beautiful Frances Cheviot, whom Tony had previously met on the Spanish Steps in Rome, Lady Bessie, a very sprightly and eccentric old lady who is especially fond of Frances and means to know all about everything. Then there is the heavyweight bullfighter Flanagan, Izinir the clever shipping merchant, Warner the insurance man, and the ghost, Bergante, the Spanish writer who according to all records has been dead these eighteen months past. The events that form the story occur wholly within the weekend and quite a lively time these few days prove to be, with guests slipping in and out of doors,

climbing up walls, losing their clothes and the ghost finally disappearing entirely. Tony does some very fine detective work, and Lady Bessie indulges in a good bit of detecting herself, after unfolding the exciting romance of Rupert Cheviot. If sustained suspense is the key to a good mystery story this should be good, for not until the final pages is the murder solved and then the corpse happens to be quite a different one than the one expected.

Like anything done by Paul McGuire this book is well written, the characters are distinct and strange, most of them not very nice but human. The story is good but by no means as exciting as the very clever title might lead one to anticipate.

LETTERS OF FATHER PAGE

By Gerald M. C. Fitzgerald, C.S.C.

SPIRITUAL advice and direction on many things is administered in small but pleasant and strengthening doses by the writer in the *Letters of Father Page*. These letters are to priests, to his confreres, to nuns, to Superiors, to his brother, to his sister, to friends who have lately lost a father or a mother, to a little child, to a young person soon to marry. Indeed by means of the personal note Father Fitzgerald has sent out messages of comfort and helpfulness, impregnated with deep and holy piety to persons in every walk of life.

Each letter has a personal appeal to the reader to whom a particular problem is fitted while plain common-sense "motivated by faith and grace" directs the writer's conclusion. He does not solve every problem that is presented, but he does point out the way in which each person can reach "Unfailing Help," through knowledge of self and simple, earnest Christian practices.

Religious will gain value and understanding from reading the letters addressed to lay persons. Laity will learn through the letters, for priests and nuns, that religious are not without their deep spiritual problems and difficulties also. Studying these

letters of advice brings not only help and inspiration but a deeper understanding of the sufferings, the temptations and the trials of others.

They are happy letters; the writer must have the joyousness of a Philip Neri in his makeup, and he says that if he has not emphasized "the shadows of the Cross, it is because these shadows prove the existence of the sunshine; and in deeper reality because it is assuredly God's plan that His Son's Cross should not cast shadows but lengthening pathways of light."

It is a pleasure to recommend a book of spiritual reading that is so filled with sunshine and joy that followed Calvary, and which will do much to dispel the shadows of life.

OUR BLESSED MOTHER

By Father C. C. Martindale, S.J.

FROM the heart of Mary is breathed a perfume of incomparable holiness, so exquisite that the whole Church is fragrant because of her."

The quotation from the chapter "Mary Many-Named" is a discussion of the many titles that the Church has given to "Our Blessed Lady." In a series of sermons Father Martindale has traversed the wonderful field of Mariology perhaps more completely than has any other recent book on the Blessed Mother.

From the Old Testament we glimpse Mary's influence as seen in those women who preceded her and whose ideal of womanhood was realized and completed in her. The spirit of Mary has touched the lives of the greatest men and women of history, has thrown its reflection on the art of every age and has proven the weaknesses of the primitive goddesses against the arguments of those who have dared to make the comparison.

In the first part of the book Father Martindale is concerned with the doctrines regarding Mary, discussing her as the Mother of Christ, of all Living, of Sorrows, of Glory and as Mother of Fair Hope.

Part two will be for many readers the most fascinating portion of this book, for through its pages we share the author's travels to many

of Mary's greatest Shrines. In France we catch the spirit of fervor that built the mighty Cathedral of Chartres. In Spain we behold Our Lady enthroned upon her Pillar in the great baroque Church of Saragossa. High upon a peak the Notre Dame de la Garde holds out the Christ Child to guard and guide those who sail upon the seas. In Florence we kneel with Aloysius before the Shrine of Our Lady of Annunziata. Across the Andes we come to the Antipolo Madonna of Peace and Happy Voyages and Our Lady of Lajun. At Lourdes we are on more familiar ground. In England we linger to hear the stories of Walsingham and Willesden for the popularity of these Shrines mark the return of Mary's devotion to that land from which the Faith of Her Son was driven and Her own name barred.

SO MANY PATHWAYS

By Annie B. Kerr

RELIGIOUS persecutions abroad have led to a great movement of tolerance at home. Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish groups are seeking greater understanding and closer co-operation. A result of this movement is seen in *So Many Pathways* a collection of short stories emphasizing Christian practices for many peoples in America. Sincere in their beliefs, emigrants suffer greatly when they find their most sacred practices and beliefs mocked and scoffed in their new homeland.

Catholics will especially enjoy the story "At the Feast of Saint Genaro" as celebrated in the Italian quarter of east side New York.

August Book Shelf

His Dear Persuasion, by Katherine Burton. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., Price \$2.50

Enter Three Witches, by Paul McGuire. Published by William Morrow & Co., Price \$2.00

Our Blessed Mother, by C. C. Martindale, S.J., Published by Sheed & Ward, Price \$2.50

Letters of Father Page, Published by Longmans, Green and Co., Price \$2.00

So Many Pathways, by Annie B. Kerr. Published by The Woman's Press, Price \$1.25

The Cause of Beatification of Frederic Ozanam*

John E. Snyder

NY man who tries to walk in the way of Christian perfection is bound to become keenly aware, sooner or later, of the wide cleavage between religion and life in the United States. Because Americans weren't able to agree among each other with God, they have tried to agree without Him. They have agreed upon a conspiracy of silence against Him—silence in the laws, silence in the schools, silence in the news, silence in the shops and streets and homes. The separation of religion from life has become like the separation of church and state—"open, notorious and complete." Our young civilization has sprouted sterile and petty, cut off from its roots in the Absolute. Today we have the Secular Mind, which sees all things in life, including Man himself, without any relation to Man's final end.

In the atmosphere created by the dominance of such a mind, genuine spirituality has not flourished among American Catholics. We have come to accept the Secular Mind as the normal thing, with the result that few of us are really Catholic. All unconsciously we see, think, live and move by the Secular norm. It has wormed into our faith to make it weak, our hope to make it faint, our charity to make it sentimental. Often it makes us puritans.

While for Catholics religion is not, we hope, as completely divorced from life as it is for other Americans, still our outlook is sufficiently temporal and secular for us to have lost sight of the nature of true sanctity. We consider piety a sort of "exaltation of feeling and

imagination, a kind of vehemence of emotion good at best for women and children, but unworthy of men who want to be guided by reason and will." Having lost sight of the nature of true sanctity, we have come to regard saints, unconsciously perhaps, as unusual or even unnatural people, anything but people with feelings and passions and problems like ourselves. Moreover, we find the idea of a *lay* saint particularly distasteful. We want all pious young men to be "priests," and the rest to marry. We identify the married state with worldliness, and if we see a husband who dares to be pious, we say he missed his vocation.

All this is sheer nonsense. Having memorized the penny catechism without absorbing its wisdom, we live and die in utter ignorance of the fact that we are called, not merely to be saints as St. Paul says, *but to a high degree of contemplation*, regardless of our state of life. We live and die in utter ignorance of the fact that we have not only the right but the duty of tending toward perfection, for otherwise we do not live according to the moral standard of the Gospel. The Fathers of the Church taught that, "In the way to God, not to advance is to retreat."

The general separation of religion from life has its counterpart in Catholic life in the separation of devotion from dogma and morals from doctrine, and this condition is at once the seed and the fruit of the Secular Mind. A soul rooted in sound doctrine sees all things in relation to Man's final end; all things in terms of the Fall and the Redemption. This is the function of the Catholic Mind. It sees Time as if from Eternity. But paralleling the conspiracy of silence against God in life generally, there seems to be

in Catholic life a conspiracy of silence against doctrine. As observers have begun to note, neglect of doctrine is reaching the point of an insidious, collective heresy, eating at us from the inside like an unsuspected cancer. It is not that any particular individual teaches or believes unsound doctrine; it is just that so few individuals touch on doctrine at all. Emphasis is all on devotion and morals, yet devotion without dogma is superstition, and morals without doctrine is tyranny.

It has been the tradition of the Church since the days of the Apostles that, however important morals may be, doctrine is even more important, for one flows from the other. The Church tolerates sinners in her bosom, but never heretics. Faith must come before obedience, else what profit is obedience? A Jew, a Protestant, or an unbeliever may have good morals, but only a Catholic can have sound doctrine. It is doctrine that sets us off from the rest of the world, and perhaps—in the atmosphere of Secularism, which is dishonestly called "tolerance"—perhaps that is the reason why doctrine is soft-pedaled today. We have a considerable body of moral precepts in common with the rest of America, but of doctrine we have less and less. It is easy enough to confess one's faith by going to Mass on Sunday, but not so easy to confess it by explaining the doctrine of the Real Presence to non-Catholics. Many Americans go to church, but only Catholics believe in the Real Presence.

The average American Catholic, then, does not believe that sanctity has any place in the layman's life; he finds it repugnant, because he has a false notion of sanctity. This false notion is traceable to a dis-

* *The Catholic Charities Review*, May, 1940 (written particularly for the members of The St. Vincent de Paul Society).

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placement of the Catholic Mind by the Secular Mind, a disassociation of faith from good works, which is in turn traceable to ignorance or forgetfulness of doctrine.

If these conclusions be correct, there must be many a Vincentian who staggers in his heart when he says the prayer for beatification of Frederic Ozanam. Although it may be objected that my conclusions have dealt with the "average" layman, whereas a Vincentian is not apt to be such, still the Secular Mind is clearly at work among us. We suffer, even if a little less seriously, from the same ailments that afflict the rest of the Mystical Body. This being the case, what could contribute more to the advancement of Ozanam's cause than a reorientation of our lives in the light of Christian Doctrine? To be sure this is calling blandly for a revolution, but nothing less is needed and we have means at hand, even if inadequate. First, we can encourage individual interest in the study of doctrine. Secondly, our Rule provides for spiritual reading. We can draw on doctrinal writers—on the Popes, on the Fathers and Doctors gathering dust on library shelves. We can leave off awhile from pious readings about "love" and "sacrifice," and devote more time to readings which will move to love and sacrifice. We can be humble, we can admit our ignorance, and go back and study all over again those doctrines which never in our lives, perhaps, have we considered with full deliberation: the Creation, the Fall, the Incarnation and Redemption. Knowledge brings faith, faith brings hope and love, and love brings sacrifice. Only when we have grounded ourselves in doctrine will we be able to understand why the Secular Mind is abnormal, why the normal mind sees the world a monastery and every man a monk, good or bad. Why the spiritual life can attract laymen, and laymen can be saints.

Not until we have understood these things will we pray with genuine faith and fervor for the beatification of Frederic Ozanam. Since without such prayer there is no hope, dominance of the Secular Mind should be considered the first and

greatest obstacle to the cause. Once we have weakened this dominance with sound doctrine and discovered the origin of the spiritual life, we will be ready to discover that sanctity consists in conformity to the will of God. Proceeding from this we will discover that it is God's will that we should conform ourselves to Jesus Christ, and that conforming ourselves to Christ means living by the monastic principle developed and handed to us from the thirty years of hidden life at Nazareth. This principle has been formulated in a few words: Do all that you do with exactness, zeal, perseverance and a supernatural intention. On face this prescription may seem rather innocuous, yet if any man dares to try it, combined with daily meditation, he soon will find his whole life being revolutionized, even to the way he drinks a glass of water. Outwardly the change may be so gradual and imperceptible that he may arrive at a high degree of perfection without attracting much attention. His life may appear so dull and insignificant that he will be shoved aside by the world, and go unnoticed by the Church itself. Indeed, this happened to no less a person than Joseph the carpenter. Although one of the greatest saints of all times, he didn't begin to find his place in the hearts of the faithful at large until about fifteen hundred years after his death, and it is only in the last century that he really came into his own. The nature of sanctity is such that we cannot be sure at all who are the real saints among us.

What of Frederic Ozanam? Did he conform himself perfectly to the will of God? His hidden life may have been far richer than we suspect, for only God knows the secrets of hearts. But second on the list of known obstacles to his cause should be placed ignorance of his visible life. Do even our Brothers really know him? If they wanted to know him, are there satisfactory sources? The answer to both questions, it seems, is definitely negative. There ought to be prepared in English a pamphlet biography, interpreting Ozanam's life in terms of solid virtue and sound spiritual values. This could be distributed

among the members of every Conference. If well done, it would attract interest not only among our Brothers but among the poor (whose prayers we should seek eagerly) and among the faithful at large. People would love Ozanam, if only they knew him.

Of the few immediate means at hand for promoting the cause, one is to invoke Ozanam's assistance in personal affairs. Better still, invoke him in works undertaken for the poor. I have myself adopted this practice, and decidedly it has increased my confidence in his intercession. He has shown himself responsive in cases of habitual drunkenness, spiritual torpor, and financial distress. To give an example, about a year ago when the treasury of our Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society neared exhaustion, I, as President, secretly placed our treasury under the patronage of Frederic Ozanam. Believing that our attention should dwell upon the poor, and not on the raising of funds, I abandoned our needs to Ozanam's care and put them out of mind. Within a short while we received through the Particular Council a substantial gift, our share of an anonymous donation for "needy Conferences." This was only a beginning. With little effort on our part, donations since have come to us from every manner of source—more than a hundred dollars from outside the parish, not including the anonymous gift mentioned above. We have gone through the severest winter since 1917, adopting as many families as our Brothers decently could visit, in one instance assuming the entire load of a family—rent, heat, food, utilities—still we have funds. We have drawn words of astonishment from our Spiritual Director, who asserts that we spend more than we take in, while our treasury behaves like the cruet of oil of the widow who sheltered Eliseus. Is any Conference in financial need? Let it give Frederic Ozanam a chance! By just such occasions will confidence in his intercession be built up, and eventually, at the time and place appointed by God, one of those sought-for miracles will occur.

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A Good Little Dictator

Jack Kearns

IT DICTATES all right, but it's a kind-hearted despot. You've got no choice but to let it be your guide. But you've got to be sure that it's the honest-to-goodness tyrant that's doing the bossing and not some false pretender. Even when this little autocrat slips up, you need have no qualms in doing as he bids; as long as he does the best he can, you've got no choice. You have to obey and take the road he points out for you. Even when he's wrong, he is right for you. All you have to be sure of is that it's not a usurper you're following. But don't have any fears letting this absolute ruler guide everything you do. He'll keep your house in good order if you give him a chance and are a loyal subject of King Conscience.

When I was a youngster, I heard people talking about "the voice of conscience." I was told to listen to my conscience. At first, I had a vivid picture of a little bird that would pop out every once in a while, like those in a cuckoo clock, and warble: "No, no! Naughty!" Later, noticing the snow-white doves in paintings and stained glass windows, I decided that it must be some sort of a spiritual bird that hovered around and checked up on a person. After a while I figured that parrots were the only sort of birds that could talk, but it just didn't seem right to give them such a job. The ones I had seen were in cages and, for all their chatter, didn't seem very well behaved themselves. So I came to the conclusion that it was a monitor hidden somewhere inside a person, probably around the heart. It was a voice you couldn't escape, a little fellow whom you couldn't fool, who raised ructions when you were bad. But he'd never tell on you, though he surely could hurt somehow, especially after you'd said your prayers and gone to bed. As I got older I found that it really paid to keep in his good graces.

Though it kept close tab on me, it was a long time before I found out just what a conscience is. Of course, I knew that God gives a person grace to resist temptation, enlightens our intellects, touches our hearts with sorrow for evil-doing. But just where conscience came into the picture I wasn't very clear. One thing I knew for certain—when I'd examine it, it surely showed that it didn't miss much. Once I asked somebody what conscience is, but the answer didn't help me much. He said it was an "ethical sense." But his explanation left me pretty much where I was when I asked. Then I went away to college, and one of the books I had to get was Wilmers' *Handbook of the Christian Religion*. Ah, here's where I solve the mystery, I thought to myself. Opening to the table of contents, I ran my eye down till I came to *Conscience the Subjective Norm of Moral Actions*. I turned to page 407. There I read: "Conscience, or the practical moral sense, may be (1) right or erroneous, (2) certain or doubtful." What I wanted to know was: *what is it?* I was on the right track. "Conscience is the voice of reason proclaiming that in a given case a certain action is right or wrong, commanded, forbidden, or permitted." Skipping a lot of distinctions, I read on the next page: "Although conscience is the voice of reason, yet it may also be justly called the voice of God. It is the voice of God because it manifests the will or the law of God; as the voice of the herald is the voice of his master whose will he proclaims. Conscience becomes more emphatically the voice of God when it applies moral principles of revelation to special actions, or when it is aroused by supernatural grace."

All that was very interesting, but I was still more or less out on a limb. So far I gathered it was a "practical moral sense;" it was "the voice of reason;" and it was "the

voice of God." I still felt somewhat in the dark. That *voice* business wasn't quite satisfactory somehow. But I felt the force of these statements about the dominance of conscience: "In most cases the conclusions or judgments of conscience are spontaneously pronounced by man even against his will; and in this sense it may be justly asserted that conscience is superior to, and more powerful than, man. It *testifies* that we have or have not performed a lawful or an unlawful action. It *exhorts* us to the performance of what is commanded or what is good, and *restrains* us from what is forbidden or what is evil. It *accuses* us of evil done, *commends* our good actions, *acquits* us of guilt in innocence. It therefore performs the triple office of witness, adviser, and judge."

Well, I ended up by deciding that it was something for the theologians to worry their heads about. I'd rest content with meditating on what Thomas à Kempis wrote about "The Joy of a Good Conscience:" "The glory of a good man is the testimony of a good conscience. Keep a good conscience, and thou shalt always have joy. A good conscience can bear very much, and is very joyful in the midst of adversity. A bad conscience is always fearful and uneasy. Sweetly wilt thou take thy rest if thy heart reproach thee not... He will easily be content and in peace whose conscience is pure." So I ended up by trying to keep on good terms with this checker-upper, glad to have him as a boss just as I was pleased to know that I had a guardian angel to look after me.

Eventually I got straightened out. In my senior year we studied ethics under a very competent professor. The text we used was in Latin by an Irish Cistercian named Hickey. There I learned in plain, unvarnished language, without any mention of voices or the heart, the nature of the

thing we call "the moral conscience." Strictly it's just this: *the actual application of the principles of the moral order to our actions.* In other words, putting aside all metaphors, *conscience is a practical judgment concerning the lawfulness or unlawfulness of any of our actions in the concrete.* That was what I wanted —a straight-from-the-shoulder definition. Now I understood: when I judged that it was wrong for me to do a deed, or that it was all right, such a practical judgment was, for the sake of convenience, called conscience.

Our professor had the knack of putting things very clearly; he was an expert at citing examples to illustrate his abstract and precise explanations. On the different kinds of conscience he gave us vivid caricatures. He had labels for all of them: the dizzy conscience of the

scrupulous person, lamentably out of focus, seeing sin where it isn't, magnifying foibles, running the poor fellow ragged; then the elastic variety, the one that stretched like rubber, laxly giving to the breaking point, taking advantage of every loophole. Then he told us about the peculiar individual who checked up on everybody else and never on himself, the man with the beam in his own eye, but looking for the mote in his brother's; then the rigidist, whose conscience was like a straight jacket, the person who somehow got the notion that we were created to be miserable, that Heaven was gleefully watching for the moment we got out of step. Graphically he pictured the strange phenomenon, the man who strained at a gnat, but swallowed a camel, the pharisee, the hypocrite. The tender conscience of the saints, he explained, was due to

their keen realization of the heinousness of any offense against God and their appreciation of what Christ underwent to atone for sin.

That brought him to the big point which he emphasized with a bang! "Conscience isn't something that merely says *Don't*. It isn't satisfied with forbidding, with keeping a man out of sin. Every human act must be directed to Almighty God, must be given eternal value. Conscience, comparing our actions with the principles of the moral order, not only shows us how to avoid pitfalls; it also shows us the way to do better things, even heroic deeds, for the love of God." Then he ended up the class by quoting St. Paul: "Therefore, whether you eat or drink, or whatsoever else you do, do all for the glory of God."

That lecture was better than a sermon.

FOR JUNIOR KNIGHTS

"I Came, I Saw, I Conquered"

I CAME DOWN life's highway, broad with the broadmindedness of the world, paved with the concrete of false security. I came to a crossroad. There stood a house plastered with the words "A good time within." I stopped and conversed with a young man whom I met. Before long I ascertained that he habitually played poker with his conscience. On my way I noticed at the side of the road a something that glittered and sparkled.

I came, not groping my way in the darkness of blindness, but directing my steps in the broad daylight. I saw. I saw, not with the vision of two eyes, but with the vision of faith. I saw in that house a palace of pleasure where virtue would be scattered to the winds; I saw in the young man the face of an angel of darkness; I saw the shining spectacle and unmasked its core of rottenness and corruption.

Because I saw with the telescope of faith which penetrates the world beyond the stars, and because I had learned that "A just man lives by faith" I had an effective weapon at hand. To my inventive mind it occurred that faith could be the death ray for the enemy. I lost no time in focusing it upon him. It worked. I conquered.

In a recent world series a player on the losing team remarked: "We came, we saw, and now we go home." A defeated team went home with spirits at half mast. Their bats didn't click.

The next time you are up to bat against the devil and the world, use the bat of faith. "This is the victory which overcometh the world, our faith." This implies every means that our faith offers in combating the occasions of sin. Get a firm grip on the bat. Score: 1 to 0 in your favor.

Gilbert Hess, O.S.B.

Gregorian Masses

GREGORIAN MASSES are so named after Pope Gregory the Great, who died in 604. Before becoming Pope, St. Gregory had been Abbot of St. Andrew's Benedictine Monastery in Rome. In one of the ancient volumes of St. Meinrad's Abbey Library we find recorded the following interesting account of over thirteen hundred years ago.

Pope Gregory the Great was one day telling someone about the marvelous efficacy of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. He cited many examples to prove this efficacy. Among them was the following occurrence. For the most part we will give the story in St. Gregory's own words:

I must here mention something that happened three years ago in my own Monastery of St. Andrew. A certain Monk named Justus, an infirmarian, who waited on me in my frequent sick spells, grew dangerously ill. He was attended by his own brother Copiosus, who was a physician. When Justus felt that he was in danger of death he revealed to his brother Copiosus the fact that in his possession he had three concealed gold coins. After a careful search these coins were found hidden away among some medicine. As soon as this was made known to me I was much disturbed by this violation of our rule of poverty. Deeply grieved I wondered what I could do to correct this evil of the dying man and to teach a lesson to his brethren in religion.

I called the Prior of the Monastery and bade him to permit no one to go near or speak to Justus. The dying Monk's own brother explained to the unfortunate man that because of the hidden gold his brethren spurned him, to move him to sorrow and to repentance. I further ordered the Prior that after death Justus should not be buried with the other deceased confreres. In any old dunghill a hole should be dug, the corpse cast into it, and his gold coins cast on top of the corpse while all cry out: "Keep thy money to thyself to perish with thee." (Acts 8:20) Therewith cover him with earth. After this death and burial the religious brethren of Justus practiced poverty most rigidly, greatly fearing lest they might have in their possession anything for which they could be blamed.

Thirty days after the death of this Monk I was filled with compassion at the thought of his purgatorial sufferings and sought to come to his assist-

ance. Again calling the Prior I sadly addressed him thus: "It is a long time that the Monk who died has been tortured in the flames of Purgatory. Out of charity we must help him all we can. Go therefore and start today to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for thirty consecutive days, taking care not to miss a single day." He went and did as he was instructed.

Amid other cares I myself did not keep count of the days. One night the dead Justus appeared to his brother Copiosus who asked him: "What is the matter, Brother? How are you?" To this he replied: "Up to the present I have been in torture. Now I am set free. Today I enter into the Communion of Saints." Copiosus lost no time in conveying this startling news to the Monks in the Monastery. On carefully reckoning the days they found that on this same day the thirtieth Mass had been offered for Justus. Since Copiosus had been unaware of the Masses that were being offered, and since the Monks had been unaware of Copiosus' vision, their mutual reports showed clearly that the deceased Justus through the saving Sacrifice had been freed from his suffering.

This incident in the life of Pope Gregory has given rise to the ever growing practice of saying the thirty (Gregorian) Masses on thirty consecutive days for one and the same deceased person. The fact that Pope Gregory the Great was a Benedictine Monk has made this practice to be all the more prevalent in Benedictine Communities. At St. Meinrad's Abbey every Monk promptly after death enjoys the benefit of the thirty Gregorian Masses. Any Catholic may enjoy this same privilege. All fervent and dutiful Christians who know of this practice and who can make a suitable offering try to remember each of their dead with this great benefit.

St. Meinrad's Abbey will gladly take care of such Gregorian Masses for anyone at any time. The offering or stipend for these thirty Masses is thirty dollars. Remember your dead. Do unto them as you later would have others do unto you.

Yours most cordially,
Abbot Ignatius, O.S.B.
St. Meinrad's Abbey
St. Meinrad, Indiana



Richard Felix, O.S.B.

Why do Catholics claim that their church alone has been established by Christ?

Any church that claims to be the Church of Christ today must be able to trace its lineage back to Christ and to him upon whom Christ built His Church. And Christ built His Church upon Peter, saying to him, "Thou are Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church" (Matt. 16, 18). That Church alone, therefore, whose genealogy goes back in unbroken line to Peter and His Divine Master is truly the one and only Church of Christ. So much would seem conclusive.

What Church, then, does go back in unbroken line to Peter and His Divine Master? Here we are concerned with a simple fact of history. Study the history of the different denominations, and what do you find? When were they founded? They were founded, all of them, not by Christ but by men. They were founded not at the time of Christ and His Apostles but quite recently; some of them within the past four hundred years. None of them come within a thousand five hundred years of Christ. Compared with the Catholic Church, they are as of yesterday.

The Catholic Church alone was founded not by man but by God. She alone goes back historically to Christ. Just as history vindicates to Franklin Delano Roosevelt the sole right to sit in the presidential chair of our nation, by tracing his ancestry in that office back through the legitimate incumbents who have succeeded immortal Washington; so too, in like manner, does history bear witness to the claims of Catholics that Pope Pius the Twelfth is the legitimate head of Christ's Church on earth, by tracing his prerogative to that office back through the two hundred and sixty-three Popes who have preceded him in the Chair of St. Peter.

History, therefore, tells us of but one Church that has come down through the centuries direct from the hands of Christ, of but one Church that goes back in unbroken

line to Christ in proof of her divine mission and authority. No fact of history stands out so unmistakable as this. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the Catholic Church is the one outstanding fact of history. From the day of her foundation, she has been the central fact around which all the facts of history have revolved, and without which most of them would be inexplicable and without meaning. She is a continuous, ever-present fact; men and nations come and go; the Church endures; amid all the changes of succeeding generations, she alone stands intact, one in prayer, one in doctrine, one in the same Sacraments and sacrifice, one in continuity and identical in delegated power with the Church of the Apostles, as truly the depository of Revelation and the living dispenser of the gifts of the Gospel today as were the Apostles themselves.

Explain the Sign of the Cross.

The Sign of the Cross is at once a our faith. In making the Sign of prayer and a public profession of the Cross we touch the forehead, the breast, the left and right shoulders, with the forefingers of the right, hand, thus tracing upon our own person the figure of the Cross, while reciting reverently, aloud or in silence, the words, "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." In this manner we honor God and publicly profess our faith both in the Blessed Trinity and in the Redemption by Christ on the Cross, and by our actions say with St. Paul, "God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ" (Gal. 6,14).

If small sins may be forgiven outside the Sacrament of Penance, why should they be confessed at all?

We do not confess our sins only that we may receive absolution from them. Confession is a Sacrament and as such restores or increases the Life of God in our soul and strengthens us against those special temptations that led us into sin.

Furthermore, Confession of even small sins is conducive to humility and enables the priest to give us advice that otherwise we might not obtain.

Does not the bible speak of the "Brothers" of Christ?

Christ had no brothers. Just as He had no human father, so too had He no brothers and sisters in the flesh. His Mother was and remained a Virgin before, during, and after His birth. It is true that reference is made in the Bible to the brothers or brethren of the Lord. But one need only read Genesis 37: 16 or Leviticus 10:4 to be convinced that the word brethren or brothers in the Bible does not always mean brothers in the flesh. Both the Hebrew and Aramaic word "brother" is used to signify any relative, however distant. The fact stands out beyond question that Jesus alone is referred to in the New Testament as the Son of Mary. No one of the so-called brothers or brethren of the Lord is ever referred to as a son of Mary nor do any of them ever refer to her as his mother.

Will all men go to Heaven?

Those who live without God in this life cannot expect to live with God in life eternal. Our Lord Himself has told us, "Not every man that saith to Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; but he that doth the Will of My Father who is in Heaven, he shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven" (Matt. 7,21). Fifteen hundred years ago the great St. Augustine observed that "though God has brought us into this world without consulting us about it, He will not save us without our co-operation" (Sermo 169). Our co-operation is absolutely necessary. "He who doth the Will of My Father, he shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." A good life, freedom from sin, the state of Sanctifying Grace, wholehearted obedience to Christ and to the one Church that Christ established in this world; these are to fit one for the abode of the Blessed.

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